



GUIDE BOOK *TO* WOMEN



JAMES
JAMES





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GUIDE BOOK TO
WOMEN

Charles Arthur Henry
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GUIDE BOOK TO
WOMEN

BY
JAMES JAMES



NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 FIFTH AVENUE

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Printed in the United States of America

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PREFACE NO. I

“FOR MEN ONLY”

(Men readers, if any, are requested to turn to page xiii, where they will find another preface marked “For Women Only.”)

CURIOUS, isn't it? that though there are guide books to everything else on earth there are no guide books to the most interesting thing in the world, Woman. There is not even a correct timetable of the dear thing.

Though Solomon explored this unknown country of Womankind many centuries ago, his discoveries are of little use to the modern man about to marry one of the inhabitants. And Solomon was almost a resident in that delectable realm of womankind, whereas the modern man is merely a tourist. Of a general knowledge of the manners and customs of these unknown folk the modern man is lacking. During his life a man seldom knows intimately more than six of the inhabitants of the realm of woman; and invariably he wishes he hadn't; and the particular one he knows most about he ultimately discovers that he doesn't know at all.

It is as if he traversed that vast territory, in which dwells half the population of the globe, provided with a Baedeker which notes only a dozen points of interest; and even for these he has only time for a hasty glance. He has so many other things to do.

While this guide book does not pretend to a universal knowledge of this practically unexplored country—for it is the first of its kind—it aims to put the earnest student of this fascinating subject on the track of discoveries, and to indicate to the mere tourist what he should look for and how best to employ his limited time.

Indeed, it is the confident hope of the compiler of this guide book that both the earnest student and the adventurous tourist may be led to make more interesting discoveries in the course of their investigations; and these the compiler hopes to incorporate in the succeeding editions of this standard work.

WHAT A MAN DOESN'T KNOW

No one would be so foolish as to assert that there is no need for such a guide book. Indeed, the compiler is convinced that there is extant to-day no other work that in its special way is of more importance to the male half of humanity. For it is generally admitted that man's ignorance of woman is appalling—which, of course, is a bit of luck for women.

What a man doesn't know about women would fill volumes—at least it will fill this volume.

The great worlds of literature, the drama, and the moving pictures exist simply as a frank confession that we don't know a single thing about the person who sleeps in the same double-bed, or at least in the same bedroom, with us for the greater part of our lives. And the young man who hopes that an inhabitant of this little-known world will ultimately share a double-bed with him has not the remotest knowledge of the topography or geography of the individual he has—or thinks he has—selected.

Why does literature flourish? Why do theatrical managers become millionaires? Why does everybody go to the movies? Merely that we men may by careful study of the ways and habits of these strange female creatures, as depicted on the printed page, shown under the spot light, and flickering on the screen, discover why—for instance. . .

A mere male, by a catastrophe that might happen—but happily doesn't often happen—to any of us, was once shown into the wrong division of a bathing shed. The attendant by mistake opened for him the door marked, "For Women Only."

His first startled glance showed six girls dressed in the costume they were born in. They were luxuriating in the sunlight in their rare freedom from corsets and other things—such as tight shoes.

Exactly one-fifth of a second before he saw them they saw him. What could they do? Five of the girls instinctively adopted the modest pose favored by nudes when being painted by old masters.

Natural, you say? Yes, but the sixth girl?

Instinctively she rejected that crude sentiment of modesty. The part of herself that she covered with her hands was her face.

Why? Because her instinct was surer, more characteristically feminine. She knew that one girl undressed is quite like another. You recognize them by their faces, not their figures. This wise virgin didn't mind the male intruder seeing her body as long as he didn't recognize her. And he could identify her only by her face. He had glimpsed a vision of her in the altogether, but how would he know her again?

Well . . . it is such a problem as this that all the novelists, all the dramatists, all the poets, all the scenario-manufacturers in the world are struggling to solve. For without the cunningly concealed mystery of woman there would be no authors' royalties in the world—and no marrying or giving in marriage.

GIRLS YOU MIGHTN'T HAVE MARRIED

As for the need of a comprehensive guide book to women, the male reader, a small proportion of whom

it is the earnest hope of the compiler will be tempted to study this book, will on looking back on his life confess that he has not got all out of his existence that he had wished for. There is for the man always a regret, or seventy regrets, at the back of his mind. Looking back on his youth, or maybe his middle age, he cannot help thinking of the chances he had missed. There were girls—heaps of them—he might have kissed, girls he might have flirted with, girls he mightn't have married—if he had only known. There were seductive snares and innocent-looking traps and delicious temptations through which he had carelessly and innocuously stepped; and it was only years afterwards that he had suddenly seen what delectable dangers he had escaped—and regretted it ever after.

There was that airman with that wonderful record in the war who unaccountably crashed while doing a nose-dive for fun. For on the way down he had suddenly awakened up to the fact of what that widow meant three years before when she . . . but it is no use recalling these tragedies. It is the earnest belief of the compiler of this guide book that such fatalities will diminish in the immediate future.

For all of us, if we look back, there were adventures waiting for us just around a thousand forbidden corners—and we never turned one of those delightful corners! We read the sign, "Keep off the

grass!" and if we had only looked closer we would have seen that it really read, "Come in!" And we didn't. The road to Hades is paved with bad intentions—missed. The saddest thought in all the world is the girls you might have kissed and didn't. Looking back on it all we see that our path through life was full of colour and allurements and excitement, and we didn't wade right in.

And why? Simply because we didn't know—until too late. Simply because we had never come across a guide book to women.

PREFACE No. II

“FOR WOMEN ONLY”

(Women readers, if any, are referred to page vii for the preface they will prefer to read)

IT is really for women only that this guide book is written. For though a man can get along with his wife quite comfortably without ever understanding her, or attempting to understand her, woman passes her whole life vaguely wondering who or what she is, and, if so, why? And for how long?

Woman prides herself on being a mystery to man; but she is much more a mystery to herself. All through her life she asks a conundrum of man—and she doesn't know its answer, or whether it has any answer. She may have a mind of her own; but she is doubtful whether she has a soul. And if she had a soul she wouldn't exactly know what to do with it. On the whole she is more comfortable without a soul; there are times when a woman's soul is rather in the way. (A woman's soul is one of the things that should never be taken on a honeymoon.)

Woman is always wondering about herself; she is never quite sure who or what she will be the next

minute. When we recall that every girl in the world hopes to be Mrs. Somebody Else, and will even cheerfully change her name to Mrs. Manglewurtzel if Horace Manglewurtzel has nice dreamy eyes, and will sink her identity by putting on a wedding ring, it is obvious that her soul is something that she is apt to lose or mislay. And even if she possessed a soul it would expire of dizziness, for every woman changes her identity every time she puts on a new dress or another hat.

By the way, have you ever noticed your nicest woman friend trying on a new hat? That is the one moment when a woman really reveals herself. As she looks at herself in the mirror, sideways, backways and reflected in another mirror, she instinctively assumes her best face.

THE NEW HAT EXPRESSION

Every woman has a new face for every occasion; but none is quite so charming as the face that she wears the first time under a new hat. Then you see your dearest friend exactly as she wants you to see her. She beams at herself in the mirror with an expression of perfect sweetness, though, of course, it is often a wrench to the rest of her features. It is innocence at its best—with a hint of wickedness, a touch of the delightful devil.

The sad thing about the New Hat Expression is

that it never lasts. She forgets her face, or mislays its lure. But that face is the face your woman friend intends to lead up to a proposal; that is the face she means to be married in.

Any woman is another woman when she gets into another dress. You must have noticed that yourself. You may be tired after a strenuous day of shopping, a duty out of which you make a business, a business out of which you contrive to exact the keenest thrills. You may feel tired out, all your aspirations reduced to an aspirin; but do you flop into a kimono or a *négligé*? No; you "change"; you doll up. You get into something smart—and you are smart. When you change your dress you change your soul. Even high-heeled shoes, provided that they are the latest last, are more of a rest for tired feet than felt slippers. That tired feeling can always be cured by a diamond tiara; the best relief for jaded nerves is a jade necklace.

Woman cherishes her profound ignorance of herself; she prides her inability to explain herself. Provided her mystery makes her mysterious to men she does not worry about it.

She thinks herself a Sphinx, eternally asking herself the conundrum of herself—and she doesn't care in the least if the answer is a lemon. She exists in a beautiful haze; she haloes herself in iridescent vagueness.

Yet beneath her apparent vacillations woman knows, deep down in her subconsciousness, exactly what she wants; and despite her hesitations she moves unconsciously directly to her goal. Nature has endowed her with the faculty of getting there.

There are only two facts of her existence of which she is profoundly sure.

1. She knows that if she had the chances that other women had she would be a movie queen, a world-famous vamp, or an actress of genius—not too much genius, of course, but just sufficient to make her of a most amazing attractiveness to all men.

2. She knows that she is either too fat or too thin. Usually too fat.

WHERE WOMAN KEEPS HER BRAINS

While men, poor limited things, have to make use of their brains to win success in this life, woman's brains are not tucked away inside her skull, where they can't be seen, but spread in a thin layer all over the outside of her body. That, of course, is the nicest place for them to be. Her brains are her figure and her beauty. And wisely she does not attempt to compete with men with the modicum of dull gray brain that she keeps inside her pretty head. Her brains are all displayed in the shop-window, invitingly arranged. They are ticketed "complex-

ion," "figure," "hair," "skin," "beauty," "attractiveness," "charm," "youth," "sex."

For with her wonderfully specialized brain she has to win her way in this life, to admiration, desire, success, fortune, or merely a husband. And the little brain securely packed inside her skull is of use to her only to minister to the purposes of her larger and more obvious brain surfaces. That specialized brain is her sole equipment; and it usually suffices. She has a shop-window soul; no wonder that men delight in gazing at that window.

While a man can make his chances to rise, while he can force himself upon the world by mere brain-power, character, or bluff, the average woman seldom gets her chance to lift herself out of the rut of insignificance. The audience of her charms and her lure is usually a restricted one. She cannot display her figure or her beauty of face, or that much mightier lure, her sex appeal, to the world. Before she knows it she is married off to some man; and thenceforth her future is his. Her career has led her only to the altar; her march through life is only "The Wedding March"; and thereafter her personality is known to only one man, and her future is committed into the incompetent hands of her husband and her children.

So she looks with envy at the fortunate few who achieve the whole world for their audience. The

queens of the film or the stage, even the great courtesans, arouse the instinctive jealousy of the good woman. If only she had had their chance! Hence her desire to display herself—and the celluloid screen, the theatre, or the witness box in the divorce court is the only chance of advertisement that she gets. It is a commonplace of observation that the divorced woman is inundated with offers of marriage.

It is a fortunate thing that all divorce judges are married men.

Woman's beauty and charm are her substitutes for the brains on which mere man puts such great store; and having the substitutes, she never feels the lack of the real thing.

DOGGED BY THE DOUBLE CHIN

The second basic fact of which woman is sure is that her weight is never just right. The compiler of this book has never met a single woman who would acknowledge that she wasn't just a trifle too fat or too thin. And he never expects to meet a married one. All her life woman is dogged by the destiny of a double chin. It is the Face at the Window that is always glaring at her—the face with the double chin!

Beyond these two facts women are utterly ignorant of themselves. They know nothing about them-

selves or why they do it. They act on instinct; but instinct works out in a curious and perplexing fashion.

Why does a girl prefer a large, coarse, rich, middle-aged man to play the part of Romeo to her Juliet, instead of a beautiful and youthful, but poverty-stricken poet? The poet would understand her so much better. That is why.

Woman doesn't believe in taking any chances of being found out—too soon. She prefers to enter married life without a passport; she carries no identification disc. Her wedding ring is merely her husband's identification disc. She has a contempt for the man who understands her—because she knows how little there is in her to understand.

Yet woman longs for romance—and with a sure instinct looks for it in the rude, coarse caveman. Have you noticed that every movie heroine fades out in the arms of the sort of man who has won her by being rude to her—and will certainly go on being rude to her when the two are demobbed after the wedding march? Deep in her prehistoric heart she likes men being rude to her. The only argument that convinces her is the argument of the savage's club; and she does not insist on a club of gold. Unfortunately there is now a world-shortage of cave men; there has been a tremendous increase in the demand; and there aren't nearly enough of them to go round,

probably because so many of them have been bought up by the novelists and the films for heroes.

The worst insult a lover can offer a woman is to understand her, to pity her, to forgive her. No woman can ever forgive a man who understands her; it cheapens her in his eyes, she thinks. The wise lover understands her, but he doesn't let on.

WHYS FOR WOMEN

Yet, however much a girl may be in love with a man, why, when she means to be particularly nice to him, does she find herself being particularly nasty?

Why is every mother jealous of her daughter, especially her married daughter?

Why do women discuss and compare their own husbands, while men never think of their wives as a topic of conversation with other married men? Is it because all wives have a feeling deep in their hearts that, after all, they haven't got the best husband in the market, or that they have paid too dear for him?

Why does a woman insist on showing everybody her shoulders and as much of the top portion of herself as she can, while she considers her legs sacred?

Why does she shudder at any reference to the natural function of her breasts? Why is it a compliment to speak of her curves, while it is the deepest of

insults to suggest the uses for which Nature designed those curves?

Why are women shocked at the nude in modern dress and yet strive to get as near to it as possible? Nearer, really, for the modern costume covers a multitude of suggestions.

And why, considering her imperfections, does man fall in love with her?

And why—the unanswerable why—does she fall in love with us men?

See “Guide Book to Women” Chapters I to X.

GUIDE BOOK TO
WOMEN

GUIDE BOOK TO WOMEN

CHAPTER I.

WOMAN : HER BEAUTY

WHEN we speak of Women—just like that—instinctively we picture something young and curving and luring and luscious. Instantly we picture Her—not Them. We never think of old women, scraggy women, members of the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, busy women, scientific women, unattractive women.

The word “Woman” does not call to our eager minds the picture of the washer-lady, or the cook, or the office-cleaner, or the mother of seven, or the woman you see in the tram, or the farmer’s wife, or any of the host of capable and incapable women who make up the population of half the globe. The last person a man thinks of when the word “Women” is mentioned is his grandmother. And there are men who at the utterance of the word would not think of their wives.

Women to us are the beautiful faces and the

appealing eyes and the curving, but not too curving, figure and the mouth that mutely asks to be kissed and the body that seems to lack the support of our arms. Women mean the low neck and the short skirts and all between these two degrees of latitude—especially in these days when there is so much latitude. Women mean youth and freshness and charm, and just a discreet hint of wickedness. Woman exists only in our hearts as the Continual Lure, the Persistent Disturber, the Everlasting Interrogation. She swims through our imaginations as the personification of desire; she is merely the object of our love. All the rest of her can go hang. The other ones, the useful and capable ones, of which the great bulk of womankind is made up, do not exist for us, though they are of some use in the population statistics.

Woman to us is beauty, attractiveness and rounded youth. And that is just what she is to herself. All these attributes she cherishes far above rubies—and none of them last as long as rubies. Her one talent, beauty, she bears through the world; it is all she has; and it blossoms, fades and dies; but is there anything else in this life of ours that is as wonderful or as precious?

Watch any stream of women passing through the streets of any town. Count the beautiful ones as they pass. Will you find one in a hundred? Count

the pleasing ones, with some grace or little charm of expression or face or complexion or figure or bearing. Will you find one in a score?

The great gift of woman's beauty is a rare gift. Otherwise that gift, staled by custom, would be valueless.

Yet, you will say, apply the same test of personal beauty to a stream of male pedestrians. Would the beautiful man be found in a hundred?

Yes, but man does not depend upon his beauty for his existence, except the cinema star or the matinee idol. Man makes no claim to personal beauty. Some of them may have beautiful minds; but beauty is not his game. A graceful moustache never got any man promotion in business or in love. So now we can start fair on the question whether woman is beautiful, and why?

THE SHORT-LEGGED BIPED

Woman is a short-legged biped. Yes, that is just what your Enid or your Muriel or your Alice is. That delightful, lissom, luring dream of a girl who just passed you in the street was merely a short-legged biped. She had concealed the fact as much as possible by shifting her waist up to where it had no right to be and adding two inches to her heels.

Her shortness of leg is woman's greatest worry.

That strange, absent look that occurs in the eyes of even the girl or girls who love us is perhaps due to the recognition of despair that nothing she can do will add a cubit to her thighs. But more probably that sudden anxiety in her eyes is due to the desolating feeling that attacks all women at frequent intervals—her eternal wonder whether her blouse is all right at the back.

The high-heeled shoe adds to her apparent height—all women parade this world two inches higher than they are—but it doesn't lengthen her legs. All it does is to make woman's progression clumsy and graceless. Watch any woman's widely swinging arm as she walks. That ceaseless, energetic see-saw of her arm is merely her attempt to balance herself as she wobbles on her toes.

If you want to see woman as she would like to be, glance at the fashion advertisements. The ideal woman, conceived by the fashion artists, is never less than nine feet in height, and most of the cubits she has added to her stature are composed of elongated leg. Woman really likes having her leg pulled. The ideal fashion woman has no bumps and few curves. She is as straight as a ladder, and nearly as long. She runs to leg and eliminates her hips. In short, she is a long-legged monopod. A monopod is an animal that has only one leg. And really there doesn't seem much room for any bifurcation within that slim

and creaseless gown. This giraffe-like silhouette, this ladder of elegance is what a woman yearns to be; and when she buys a dress she sees herself, with all her bumps eliminated, and legs stretched a yard longer, gliding gracefully through an admiring world, with a beautiful but inane simper on her expressionless face.

WOMAN IS BARREL-SHAPED

The rest of her is satisfying but not artistically ideal. In woman the greatest diameter is some degrees below her equator, though there are exceptions who show more latitude in their northern hemisphere. Her general form is that of the Greek amphora, with the centre of gravity well down, and tapering to the top and the bottom. A barrel is not a particularly alluring object, yet it is to this general shape, excluding, for the present, her surface bumps, that she approximates. Yet no one objects to the shape of a barrel when it is full of beer; and all students of the sex should bear in mind that the other barrel is full of woman.

Yet artists delight in painting, and sculptors in sculpting, this barrel-shaped figure, especially in the nude. But it must be remembered that most artists are male.

When one comes to details it must be admitted that the curves and contours of women are full of

beauty; and though woman shares with the child her softness and smoothness of flesh she beats the baby at the baby's own game. But one portion of her beauty woman has deliberately ruined. She has destroyed her feet. China taught her how to do it. She crumples up her pretty toes into a shoe too small for them; she spoils their shape by compelling herself to trot on her toes; and on their beauty she cultivates a perennial crop of corns and bunions. She manicures her nails but never manages to cure her toes.

Ah, but her face! Woman's face has one advantage over man's. She can drape it, or frame it, or adorn it, with her halo of hair. She makes herself a new beauty, or a new ugliness, every time she does her hair. And when she lets it down—! Man can merely disguise himself in whiskers, if he dares.

All women's hair is curly; and, as most of it isn't, she does her best with curling pins and marcelle waves. The question at what precise moment a honeymoon ceases and marriage begins is easily decided. It is the moment when the bridegroom discovers his bride in curling pins. And divorce looms near when a wife doesn't bother to fluff her hair about her forehead after having pig-tailed it for the night in bed.

Yet with that profuse vegetable growth on the top of her head a woman can work marvels. With a

single straying curl she can provide herself with free board and lodging for the rest of her life.

Woman's beauty, however, is not made up of simple facts like a beautiful face or a scrumptious figure, nice eyes or a kissable mouth, a tantalizing nose or a cheeky chin, the complexion of her mind or of her face, her rounded breasts or her nubby knees. It is something more elusive and more alluring than these mere accessories. It lies in her vivacity of mind and body, the variety of her expressions and her actions, her instinctive charm and grace, her ever-present but unconscious sex appeal.

(Man is an uncouth brute compared with her.)
(But she likes him uncouth. A woman cannot help being graceful in all her instinctive movements. She waves her hand to you with a wonderful unstudied art. Her smile or her pout are grace-notes in the rhythmic harmony of herself. She reflects on her mobile face and in her lissom figure every thought that passes through her canary mind.

She is infinite variety. She talks not only with her face but with the whole of her body. As the famous Chinese poet, Mieh Hat, who flourished before Confucius, said:

(“You never find two alike any one time;
You never find one alike twice!”)

A woman can even weep beautifully; and her

anger has a tiger-like attractiveness. Though the men who like a dog may disagree, the general opinion of mankind is that there is no animal pet that compares with a woman pet. You never come to the end of her tricks; she is always an exciting thing to keep about the house. The only disadvantage is that you never know when you have her; but that keeps her owner pleasantly guessing.

Woman's beauty is merely her womanishness; and the more womanish she is the better you like her. But her highest charm is that she never grows up. She may grow fat, but she never grows up.

TIME AND FAT

But woman's beauty, at least as far as her accessories are concerned, is almost as fleeting as herself. For that ever-changing beauty three dreadful things lie in wait. There are three monsters in her path through Life. (1) Time, (2) Fat and (3) The Double Chin.

A woman can keep her face tidy and wrinkleless provided she isn't a woman. To preserve her infantile rounded charm of feature and expression she must never allow any expression to creep into her face. But the sacrifice is too great. No real woman thinks more of her lines on her face than of the thousand languages she can talk with it.

Time is woman's worst enemy. Nature, who gives

woman her precocious charm of curve and line and colour and lusciousness, gets even with her long before Nature gets even with men. Nature means woman to have a good time, but always to get in out of the wet good and early. Nature has, it is sad to say, only one use for woman; and when woman is no longer fit for that use Nature has no further concern with her. She lets women flop, and turns with delight to the new crop of feminine babies.

WOMEN'S MURDERER

Nature is cruel, especially to women. Nature fixes woman's span of usefulness for her practical purposes when little more than half a woman's life is over. She casts woman out when the dear thing's brain and her heart are only beginning to be of value. For Nature has no use for woman's brain. Originally the cruel autocrat of woman's life meant, no doubt, to kill off all women at middle-age; but being a careless and neglectful old lady, she simply forgot all about this half of the world.

On the other hand, Nature meant woman to make the most use of her life. She develops her into a woman long before she makes a man out of a boy. She gives woman a precocious brain specially developed along certain lines. She endows a girl with every lure and charm to fulfil her duty, which is to

love and bear children. The trouble is that many a girl thinks she is thus specially favoured only that she may have a good time.

But all these extras that are lent to her wear out. Time is her enemy. And woman knows it. She fights her murderer with every weapon in her armoury, plus those supplied by the beauty specialists.

She bestows upon her complexion the care that a man bestows upon his career. She protects it from the sunshine, the wind and the rain. She enables the beauty specialists and the chemists to retire with fortunes. It is her incessant preoccupation.

She goes to bed with her face smothered in creams and skin foods even on her honeymoon. (Advice to a bride: never make a complexion cream a third on your honeymoon trip.) Powder adds a daintiness to a pretty face and rouge adds flavour to a kiss; but both are ultimately fatal.

For the saddening fact is that all this jealous care does not improve a woman's complexion. Compare a man's complexion. He takes not the slightest care of it; he lets the wind and the rain and the sunshine play havoc with it. And yet when a man is middle-aged he still has his complexion, while his middle-aged wife has to put hers on.

The plain fact is that women's complexions were meant for outdoor wear. The sun and the wind and

the rain are the best complexion cures. All skins are built the same way, and react in the same way. Nature will look after your complexion if you give Nature the opportunity. But it is hard to refrain from touching up when you see your dearest friend's latest complexion.

FAT

Woman's second enemy is Fat. Have you ever paused to consider that half of woman's beauty is adipose tissue? The plump arm is a scraggy arm, plus fat. The nestless neck is merely due to an extra layer of fat, filling the natural hollows seen in a man's neck. The swelling breast, the boneless waist, the voluptuous hips, the nubbly knee owe their gracious curves and yielding softness to a covering of fatty matter.

Woman is provided with an extra ration of fat for obvious purposes: to have a reserve handy for her duties to her young; and to increase woman's lure of softness and curves for man.

But by the time that a woman has fulfilled her purpose, which is incidentally Nature's purpose, fat has got into her system; and it settles there. The rest of her life is a bitter and remorseless battle against the enemy she carries in her neck and her hips. Or else it is a fat and apathetic acquiescence

in what she wrongly regards as her universal fate.

She has sometimes an ally that comes to her aid. The only sure anti-fat cure is one that is never advertised, and one that any woman can procure for nothing. Its trade name is Worry. Many an unhappy marriage has saved a hopeless wife from her worst enemy. Worry and grow thin.

For the rest of womankind there is, however, another way out. That is to eat and grow thin. Excessive fat is often merely a question of diet; for women are greedier than men. There are books about this cure, but this is not one of them. But any woman can by careful diet take pounds off her hips. *A bas!* that middle-aged spread! And how much happier the world would be!

Why trouble? asks the comfortably married woman, serenely reposing in the belief that she is merely "a fine figure of a woman," and refusing, in the way women have, to believe her mirror. Too many women regard marriage as the end of their struggles. They have got their man and their board and lodging and someone to pay their dress bills.

So many a man who married a willowy and luscious bride finds that the goods he purchased are not the goods that he took with him on his honeymoon. And he can't return them.

It is also true that the slim young fellow, madam, you married becomes a prosperous club man with a

waist that requires diplomacy on the part of his tailor, and a complexion that he tries to cure with whiskey. But the majority of husbands do not run to fat, and the majority of you mesdames do.

Of course, marriage is to blame. When you do your duty and bear a child, or a family, Nature interferes with your figure. She takes liberties with your young breasts and fills out your waist. These alterations in your figure make fortunes for the corset makers and the manufacturers of bust bodies; but Nature insists on a heavy penalty when you do her behests.

The truth of the matter is that life gives women the wrong end of the stick; woman gets the worst of it. What man would put up with the messy business of looking after young babies? And what husband really appreciates what the mother of his children does for them? And what wife would permit her husband to do the dirty work?

Many old and wise nations recognize woman's proneness to fat; and simply save themselves any worry by seeing beauty in fat. The fatter the more lovely. The Chinese thus kindly take the sting out of woman's fate and fatness by telling their wives that they like it. And as they have been telling their wives this for thousands of years they have convinced themselves that they like it.

As Keats says:

"Beauty is Fat, Fat beauty. That is all
We know, and all we need know."

HIPS

The question of hips perhaps comes in here. Every woman has hips, quite obviously has them, yet no woman will admit their existence. It is as if a circle refused to recognize its own circumference. Every new change of fashion is loudly announced as doing away with the superfluous hip. But the hip comes back.

The double chin that dogs woman throughout all her career is merely one of woman's charms grown up. The small chin of a girl is a delightful finish to a youthful rounded face; the double chin into which it develops is the dead finish to a middle-aged face. Bone in a woman's chin would be as fatal to marriage as bone in a patrician nose. What a man instinctively desires is the soft and rounded—and weak—chin in the girl he kisses. The other kind of chin is apt to get in his way. And being a practical person he gets out of its way.

As the rounded chin has so little bone to build on, it takes on fat. And the fat settles there. Sometimes the double chin is really triplets. It is a curious thing that the fattest pearls are always to be found under the fattest chin.

Yet there is hope even for the hopeless double

chin. For in Wells' "Outline of History" he publishes two portraits of Cleopatra; and one looks like the lady who comes to do the washing, and doesn't know anything better about doing her hair than to screw it back off her face; and the other, a bas-relief by a popular society portrait sculptor of Egypt in those days, discloses the awful fact that she owns an obvious double chin. Of course, we do not know what happened to that sculptor when Cleopatra saw it; but as far as Antony was concerned Cleopatra got away with it. Possibly she had other charms.

DOES BEAUTY MATTER?

Are women beautiful? Perhaps not, if you coldly examine them. But women are not meant to be examined at all. They are meant to be loved. And the statistics show that they are. As being designed to be loved they have all the necessary attributes and six hundred and forty-nine extra ones. No portrait ever does a woman justice, or even mercy. She needs to be alive in a cinema film.

And if you examine the wives that your men friends have married you will find that they were not chosen for their beauty or their flawless figure.

The ugly girl gets her man just as easily as the pretty one does. She may not get the man the pretty girl got, but she gets a fair sample. Beauty of

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face or beauty of figure are nothing compared to woman's unconscious sex appeal. And, thank goodness, women are built that way. They do appeal. They know their job.

What young man pauses to reflect that the girl he is kissing, or wanting to kiss, is a short-legged biped with a tendency toward adipose tissue? Who worries over her feet or her ears when she says, "You mustn't!" in a way that means you must? When you gaze into her eyes do you see the stout matron you are proposing to make her? No; you see paradise. And you are right every time.

What does it matter whether woman is beautiful or not, as long as she is there to kiss? And no woman was ever ugly when she was being kissed.

Then, husbands, keep on kissing her!

CHAPTER II

WOMAN; HER DRESS

(WHEN Eve put on her fig-leaf for the first time)
Adam sat up and took notice.

Before that Adam had vaguely noticed her about the garden. She was useful about the cave and had proved herself a willing but quite incompetent cook. She seemed to spend an unconscionable time drying her hair and she always wanted to know everywhere he had been, and why. But, for the rest, she was company and more biddable than the brontosaurus.

But when she came rushing in to show him how well her new fig-leaf fitted and how smart it looked, Adam dimly perceived that here was some new person quite unlike the old Eve. It worried him.

And that fig-leaf has worried us ever since. Woman's dress perturbs us; it diverts our minds from important subjects like astronomy and ethics and proportional representation and the price of the favourite for the Cup and the poker hand we had last night; and it compels us to recognize that there are women in this old world. It roughly jostles us with the fact that here in this man-made world is a quite distinct sex, whose job is to poke its fingers

into the complex machinery of civilization, just for the fun of seeing what will happen. Its delight and its mission is to make fools of us, though happy fools. And it can dress itself out in the most absurd and inconvenient costumes, and not only get away with them, but compel a man to pay for them. And this sex does that deliberately, just to impress on man that she is Different.

WHY DO WOMEN DRESS?

Philosophers have put forward various theories to solve the question. "Why do women dress?" One theory is that a modern woman dresses to cover her nakedness, though not because she doesn't think her nakedness nice. This theory would have more support if she really did cover her nakedness and not leave large bare patches showing through.

A more promising theory is that the modern woman dresses to uncover her nakedness; it is certainly borne out by the facts.

At this point the question comes in whether a woman without any clothes on is more attractive than a woman with, say, the small amount of covering material she jabs on her when she goes jazzing. Strictly considered the modern woman's dress is merely an enlarged fig-leaf with holes in it. It has worn thin in some places and in others it has frayed right off. Perhaps the fact of the high cost of fig-

leaves is to blame. The question whether a woman is more attractive with some of her clothes on than with none has been exhaustively studied by the ancient Thibetan philosopher, Vstst (circa B.C. 2609), who on the last page of his monumental work stated his final conclusion that all women were more attractive in the dark. However, as Vstst was not married, this judgment is open to doubt.

Does woman dress to keep herself warm? Or to cover herself up? Or to attract the attention of men? Or to put one over the other woman? Or just pure cussedness?

If it is to keep herself warm, certain parts of her are much more susceptible to cold than the parts you would suspect. While a woman will clothe herself on a cold day in furs, she covers her legs with the thinnest of silk stockings, and her feet with the thinnest soled shoes.

Even on the coldest day she must have air for her neck and shoulders—and nowadays her back. Then when the whim, or her husband's money, takes her, she will fling over those exposed portions a heavy fur. Any woman glows all over when she wears a hundred guinea stole.

Woman is a clothes-conscious race. Man puts on any old thing and forgets all about it. It is only when he has a new suit on that he worries; and that is only because its fit or something different about

its cut keeps reminding him that he is uncomfortable. And he goes about all day in a paralysing fear that some of his male friends will notice that his suit is new.

A woman, however, feels all her clothes all the time she is wearing them. And not only the clothes which nestle closest to her skin. She may be wearing her old ones underneath, but if she has a new outer dress on she feels it in every inch of her cuticle. For her skin, as we have seen, is merely woman's specialized brain, spread thin all over her.

When you are pouring adoration over her, one part of her brain, the part within her cranium, attends to you as much as she can, but the other and larger part of her brain is all the time preoccupied with its much more important business.

THE PART SHE CAN'T SEE

Women's clothes are hooked on to her or tied on with strings. She is specially built for tying things on to her. That is her natural instinct; but the hook and eye saves time. But not trouble. Every woman goes from her girlhood to her grave harbouring grave suspicions of her hooks and eyes. For women dress back to front. Most of her attire depends on attachments that happen on her back. She deliberately goes out of her way to hook things where she can't

get at the hooks. Husbands know—or if they don't they have to learn.

So woman goes through her life with always a worry at the back of her head about what is happening at the back of her dress. There are always dreadful possibilities about the part of her attire that she can't see. No woman is really certain for fifteen minutes at a time that her blouse isn't gaping or a placket hole hasn't come undone—or worse. The only garment in which she feels perfect confidence is her nightie. That has merely to be slipped on—or off. And judging from most nighties it doesn't really matter whether it is on or off.

So while a woman is looking into your eyes with that soulful gaze that so entrances you, her alert little mind is wondering anxiously about her back-hair and her back. Her fingers are always going on little tentative excursions just to feel that things are all right behind; her hair is always being patted and her blouse twitched straight. She gives to your compliments a bird-like attention, but she has more serious business. And she has developed that double consciousness to such a pitch that she is able to make you believe that her every thought is for you. And that is nice of her.

But this continual preoccupation about her back view is merely a habit. Her wildest excitement comes when she is wearing a new dress, or merely a

new camisole. She feels every new article she has on every second. Even a new pair of silk stockings sends a continual wireless message to her legs. She is not merely wearing them; she is living them.

Even when a woman has on new things that no man, except her husband, is meant to see, she feels a fine glow of happiness. It is a private happiness, hugged to herself! but she can't help being blissfully conscious of it.

Every woman when she has on a new dress or a new corset feels herself the centre of the universe. She stands basking in the spotlight; she is a closeup in a film play; she is the heroine of a famous novel; she is a queen of a history. And when she goes home and carefully and regretfully takes her things off she feels a deep depression. The ideal life for a modern woman would be to wear a complete new outfit every day. But the excitement would wear her out.

BREAKING IN THE CORSET

Why woman ever compressed her lissom form into a corset is a subject that should be carefully studied by philosophers. She is all curves, all clingsomeness, all delicious softness. And she deliberately encases this chocolate cream of her body in a stiff and unresponsive sheath. She claims that it supports her figure—her figure that needs no support except that

of a masculine arm. Perhaps it is a substitute for a missing masculine arm.

And the manufacturers of corsets, knowing that women dress backwards, went on making corsets that laced up the back. The man who invented a corset that laced in the front, where women could get at it in comfort, was a genius; but it is doubtful whether he really made money out of the thing. He had not calculated upon woman's incurable preference for fumbling with fastenings at her back.

But the great ice-age of the corset is rapidly coming to an end. Bits have been cut off the top of the corset and large slabs of bone removed from the bottom of it, until now it is merely a few ribbons and openwork. When you jazz with a girl you clasp something human, not a steel cuirass. Woman is rapidly coming out of her whalebone shell. She is really there, beneath her clothes. The whole top of her is out now. The modern corset is creeping down her legs.

A TRANSPARENT FICTION

Not that the modern woman's clothes really matter. The outer layer is usually transparent—to enable you to notice the next layer. And the next layer is invariably open work—to afford you to peep at the third layer. That layer has usually pink ribbons

placed in exciting places—to encourage the masculine eye to continue its explorations. Thus through filmy strata after strata you descend until you come on portions of bed-rock, just glimpses of it, of course, but sufficient evidence to convince you that there is no further need for exploration. Underneath is real girl.

No one would say that a woman would arrange her layers thus deliberately to entice the masculine eye.

There was a time when women depended on their shoulders to hang the top parts of their dress upon. Women quite recently wore braces. True, they were made of ribbon and floral garlands and bows; but fundamentally they were braces that men wear. Now, however, they have discovered that for evening dress they need not depend on braces. There are awkward moments, of course, when the corsage fails to defeat the laws of gravity; but no honourable man would look.

The result in the stalls of a theatre, seen from behind, is that you see nothing above the seats but nakedness. There are occasions when the student for one mad moment thinks he is looking at an array of girls in their baths. And this is to be deprecated; for such a display of nudity of shoulders and backs is apt to distract the thoughtful patron of the drama from the stage.

And at a dinner party you would have to look

under the table to find out what the women wore. Though, of course, no gentleman would.

Not only is a woman clothes-conscious of herself, but of every other woman. You are strolling with a girl in the street, and another woman passes you. The girl continues to chatter, though her eyes glance for a moment at the stranger. But in that one moment the girl has summed up the stranger's costume. She knows exactly what it cost, whether it is a model, where she bought it, how much stuff there is in it, where she got the trimming and the price per yard, what her hat cost and whether it suits her, how much she paid for those stockings and those shoes, and the autumn sale where she got them, whether her corset is the correct shape, whether it is old or new, whether she is married and where she got her lip-salve, and whether she'll get a costume that style or not.

All this, remember, in one fleeting glance—and without a symptom of her attention wandering from the nice things she is saying to you. It is all a case of woman's specialized brains.

Here—it has just occurred to the conscientious compiler—it may be advisable to explain for the student what clothes a woman wears. The shop windows can tell us much, of course.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WEARS

Outside she wears a dress, or a tailor-made, or a gown, or a frock, or a model, or a coat and skirt, or a blouse and skirt, or any old thing or new thing. This outer covering she ties on or hooks on or throws on. The latest gowns are simply flung at her, and stick.

There is a fortune awaiting the man who invents a postage-stamp that will stick an evening dress on to a bare patch of skin so that it won't come un-gummed after a whole evening's jazzing.

For evening wear she merely drapes herself and suspends her gown on nothing. She grows up out of it like a blossom out of its calyx. In days not long past a woman in evening dress went through the evening in the fear—or hope—that her shoulder strap might slip down and reveal a few extra square inches of nude niceness. Now she disdains shoulder straps, and nothing happens. It just shows that the world moves, after all. The modern girl jazzes in bare shoulders, though you may have noticed that after each dance she has to readjust her top part. After all, it is not really secure. But then none of women's garments are quite reliable. At any moment something might give—and give her away.

Underneath her dress a woman wears, on the top part, a camisole, or bust bodice. The job of the bust

bodice is to smooth out the bust—to pretend that a woman has but one breast. The camisole, by some extraordinary oversight, is tied in front, and not at the back. Under that is a corset, or an apology for a corset, or no corset. Underneath that is the feminine substitute for the masculine singlet or undershirt. In evening dress, however, there is no room for this.

Underneath that is just woman.

The lower part of her dress begins beneath the skirt with the underskirt. Once it was called a petticoat; and there seemed something mysterious about the petticoat. Nowadays there is no mystery, since the underskirt is usually plainly on view through the openwork or the thinness of the skirt. Sometimes under the underskirt is the under-underskirt. Its function, when it is worn, is to add opaqueness to the skirt—or, rather, to suggest an opaqueness that isn't.

These undergarments are not made of flannel. They are amply ventilated by means of openwork and insertions of lace, and are invariably frilly. For it has occurred to the bright beady brain of woman that the wind or other calamities might expose the underskirt; and if the garment is to be seen at all by men it ought to be attractive.

No woman ever goes for an aeroplane flight without putting on clean undies. If she is to become a mangled wreck owing to a crash she wants to be

mangled in clean ones—with plenty of openwork about them.

“THEM”

Underneath these are stockings, invariably silk, even though the silk-worms are occasionally vegetarians. Higher up, tied on at the waist, are those articles of attire that are never mentioned except when they are called bloomers. The earnest student of womankind must not conceive these garments with a plural name as being any relation to those of the Victorian era. They have broadened considerably, keeping pace with the broadening of woman's mind. Now they bear the appearance, unless viewed closely, of a much flounced underskirt. Having got thus far the compiler feels it unnecessary to divulge further details. (See shop-windows.)

There are, it is alleged, women who wear a one-piece costume next the skin that is termed by the women who wear them “coms.” They are stated to be comfortable, built for use, not ornament. For that reason they are excluded from this survey. No real modern woman wants useful clothes when she can afford to buy useless ones.

The latest envelope chemise has, however, all the advantages of “coms,” with a lure of its own. Viewed from the front or the rear, this garment looks like a pair of “them”; but it is really a chemise,

which is the French feminine for shirt. But an attachment goes under the legs, and thus in a moment converts the chemise into a pair of "them." Why women should want to is another matter beyond our scope. It seems to complicate matters.

The earnest investigator may at this point ask how a woman's stockings keep up. Once it was by garters. Now it is by strips of elastic attached to the corset at one end and by metal clasps at the other to the top of the stockings. These are the hard bone-like things you feel when you sit on a woman's knee.

Underneath her arms, except when she has no covering on her arms, a woman wears perspiration absorbers. She doesn't call them that, but that is their function. And for evening dress the modern wife finds a new use for her husband's safety razor. He can never make out why it becomes periodically blunted.

A woman in evening dress dares not lift her arms. They show too much. So every woman sneaks her husband's safety razor and shaves her arm-pits. And when she goes sea-bathing, she finds it necessary to shave her legs. It is a hard world for women, this.

WHY WEAR BALL DRESSES

At a modern ball there is so much exposed of a woman that it has sometimes seemed to the thought-

ful observer that women might save themselves the worries they have over their ball-dresses by leaving that article at home. It is a wisp of a thing, anyhow, and does not weigh her down or weigh on her mind. It usually weighs eight ounces.

The modern jazziste is clothed only about the middle portion of her figure; but the unsophisticated theorist is apt to assume, until he dances with her, that beneath that filmy thing about her waist and knees there are other and necessary things. Sometimes there aren't.

The fashionable ball attire consists of a gown—what there is of it; but in these times even the smartest woman has to consider the amount of dress material she can afford. But beneath that gown she may have no more than a corset, but that begins at the waist. Sometimes she wears a pair of “them,” reduced to the briefest of articles possible with a woman's form.

Underskirts cost money, and they are never seen. Why wear them? They are apt to spoil the “hang” of an evening dress. They make bulk about the legs. They might even conceal the fact that the wearer had knees. The corset, however, has its uses. Its suspenders keep up her silk stockings. But there is a hiatus of bare leg between where the corset leaves off and the stockings begin. That, however, is always covered by the skirt—so that's all right.

And underneath, if there is room, some women wear an abbreviated singlet.

So when you take that delightful creature to fox-trot you have got in your arms a female less covered up than when she is in her nightgown. Between your clothes and her there exists just the thinnest layer of frock, a possible bit of lace and ribbon about her bust, and—that is all, at least as far as the top part of her is concerned, though sometimes she wears a band around her hair.

Below the waist there is between you and her an unprotesting and squeezable corset beneath a short and filmy skirt, a pair of “them” reduced to the lowest common denominator, and some elastic and clasps that hold up her stockings. A woman will say that she hates a lot of things hanging about her, and she likes to feel free. And many a man will agree with her.

Many philosophers have attempted to define and explain the fascination of jazzing. It seems a pity that one of them had not tried it.

And in this costume, even on the coldest night, a woman will cheerfully sit out a dance under the stars without a shiver—except the one she gives when her partner kisses her. At least while he is kissing her he is keeping her warm.

ANENT NIGHTIES

At night a woman wears a nightie. This is not usually made of flannel. A woman's nightie is usually more woman than nightie. That is apparently the idea. It is constructed of georgette, *crêpe de chine*, or much-insertioned muslin, and must on no account be heavy or warm.

Sometimes she wears pyjamas; but, dear man, do not be misled. Her pyjamas are nothing like your pyjamas. Hers are merely a divided nightie. And both nightie and pyjamas are so filmy in texture that a husband might be forgiven if he thought she had nothing on. Even then the wife would forgive him.

A woman's nightgown is not hooked up behind; nor is it tied on with strings. It just slips over her shoulders and there you are.

As for the honeymoon nightie—but possibly there are some readers of this encyclopædia who are not yet married! All that need be said—indeed, all that can be said—on this absorbing topic is that there have been honeymoons in which the bride, in the hurry of her packing up after the marriage, has forgotten to put in her suit case the honeymoon nightie over which she has spent much thought. But no bridegroom is a stickler for etiquette.

Though the subject rightly belongs to a chapter

devoted to woman's amusements, her habit of changing her dress needs treatment here. It has been computed that a woman occupies seven years of her life in changing her dress—in taking off one dress and putting on another. This loss of time is one of the causes of the lesser development of the woman's brain. She gives to this habit the time that a man would devote to bimetalism or poker.

A woman breakfasts in one costume and goes out shopping in another. She comes home, and changes again, for the afternoon. For dinner she must have another dress, and for bed she puts on another. And all these changes need a change of hair-dressing. Woman goes through thirteen per cent of her existence with her fingers fumbling behind her back and with hair-pins in her mouth. This is a loss of national efficiency that, considered statistically, is appalling. But then who ever considered women statistically?

Add to this the number of hours per diem a woman devotes to thoughts of dress, to a consideration of prices and bargains, to getting "tried on," and to the thoughtful student of the sex it seems miraculous that a woman ever has time to get married or to have a baby. Still, half the fun of having a baby is thinking how she will dress it—and herself—when it is born. But how much more exciting it would be for the mother if a boy-baby required little blue

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silk trousers and a baby-girl had to wear pink silk early-Victorian drawers! The extra expense of preparation would be well worth it. But all babies, like all dolls, are born little girls.

Until a girl gets engaged she thinks more of the man than she does of her clothes; but once the wedding is settled he fades from her mind. She can't give him much of her time; she has to think about her trousseau. At times, in the midst of choosing her wedding-gown, she forgets all about him. And when the foolish fellow intrudes for a kiss to keep him going till the wedding-day, he has to stalk her through a foaming archipelago of trousseau.

WHY FASHIONS CHANGE

And now we come to fashions. Why is there always a new fashion every three months or so? Because woman simply hasn't got a thing to wear? Because she wants something new? Because she is sick and tired of that old gown? Because she hates to be the same person for longer than three months at a time? Because she can't wear a winter dress in the summer? Because furs are in, or bébé-ribbons are out?

For none of these convincing reasons. Woman's desire to change her shape—and, incidentally, her soul—is the basis for this endless procession of the

fashions; but the whole matter is due to the cunning use the purveyors of women's attire make of this instinct. The quick changes of fashion are fixed up by the designers and manufacturers of women's clothes. They have the stuff to sell and they naturally want the demand to be brisk. Hence they decree a new fashion whenever they feel bored. Same as the motor-car manufacturers.

Women are ashamed of their sameness to each other. The sex's whole idea is to attain an individuality by the only means in its power—the variety in dress. When a woman meets every other woman wearing the same sort of dress and displaying the same outward shape it is time for her to be different. The makers of fashions provide her with the means. Each succeeding fashion is as complete a contrast with the preceding fashion as the designers can make it. If hips are in, next week hips are out. The waist that was as high as it could go descends as low as the legs will let it. The front that was curvy becomes the front that is straight. The skirt that flowed to the ankles is lifted to the calf. The skirt that was wide becomes the skirt that is a sheath or a barrel. The hat that was small becomes the hat that flops. And vice-versa in another three months.

But the old fashions, like the bustle and the leg-of-mutton sleeve and the crinoline, despite all the efforts of the modistes, will never return. For the modern

woman insists on displaying all the figure she possesses. And the dress designers know it. All fashions henceforth will insist on showing all that there is of a woman beneath, with as many actual glimpses of the woman inside as are possible. The bare back is only a beginning of the ebbing of the tide of dress. There are connoisseurs who wonder why women started by exposing their backs. After all, say these wise men, a woman's back is not in itself wildly interesting.

Do women dress to cover their nakedness? At this question even a woman will smile. The basic idea is to cover up just as much of a woman as will suggest that there are other portions still covered.

"Absurd!" snorts the nice woman. "I never dress suggestively."

No, madam; but all the designers depend on their living for the lure they can give to a woman's figure. They are setting the fashions for you; and what they decide upon as smart, and what you like because of its smartness, are the cut and the line that the fashion-mongers have cunningly discovered for their ever-varying appeal to the masculine eye.

But women do not dress for men? The philosopher will reply that women undress for men.

WHAT MEN KNOW OF DRESS

Of course a man is not a critic of a woman's dress. He doesn't know anything about its details. All that the man knows is that you look even more attractive in that new thing than you did the other day in that grey affair with furs. He vaguely feels that in the blue get-up—or it may be green—he is not much on colours—there's a something that "gets" him. Quite. He sees you in the mass, not in detail. He doesn't understand why that roll collar on your blouse makes your neck look inviting. All he knows is that you look just "it" and he thanks the gods for it. He doesn't see your new dress: he merely sees a new and unexpected you.

But if his wife asks him to tell her what your new gown was like, as she would be bound to do, all he could say was that you looked very smart and fetching. And the next thing you knew would be the discovery by your wife that she simply hadn't a single thing to wear.

Yet in the main man's judgment of a woman's frock is right. Man may not know about the details, but he knows about the effect. And he notices that the majority of women, no matter how smartly gowned they are, do not get the right effect. As women are never quite sure about themselves they

leave the choice of a gown to the dressmaker, who is supposed to know.

With all the anxious interest a woman takes in her appearance, she does not study her figure and facial idiosyncrasies, or defects, with the æsthetic interest that she should. Her mirror shows her what she wants to see of herself. She does not choose her dress to suit herself. She sees something that looks perfectly sweet on a marionette or in a fashion book. The marionette is chosen for her willowy gracefulness and her superb figure.

So a woman does not consider her frock in relation to her figure or lack of figure. She does not choose the right hat for her delicious nose, or the right blouse for her graceful neck, or the right skirt for her junoesque hips. She does not consider the wideness of her shoulders or the thickness of her ankles.

THE WELL-GROOMED WOMAN'S HUSBAND

The fact is that the really well-dressed woman has usually an artistic husband. For when men, who have no chance to design their own clothes, since all men wear uniform, let loose their artistic interests in dress, they turn out their wives in a way that is the envy of all their wives' friends. There is many a mute inglorious Milton of dress-designing to be found in the suppressed husband of a well-groomed

woman. He it was who chose those wonderful frocks for her—and paid for them. Most of us just pay for them—and what husband in drawing his cheque for the milliner feels that he is getting his money's worth? The wise wife, who trusts her husband's æsthetic sense, has enough sense to do what she is told and wear what he—and not she—wants. But when a wife fearfully and anxiously dolls herself up in her new dress and turns her back so that he can see the hang of the skirt and the flat hip effect, concealing all the time her awful suspicion that it makes her look fat, and asks him a tremulous, "Well, don't you like it?" he merely looks at her face and remarks, "You look all right in it, old girl. What's wrong with it?"

But it is a curious thing that when a man goes in for dress design he easily beats the best efforts of the women dress-designers. He has a sense of line and contour—and there is quite a lot of contour in a woman's figure. He has a sense of colour harmony and colour contrast that is infinitely more delicate than that of women. The great dress-designers of the world have always been men—those crude, coarse brutes. And in the modern smart world the man dress-artist occupies a position as supreme as does the male pictorial artist. Man creates the model that madam so smartly wears.

Women dress for women, especially for that cat,

your dearest friend. The details of cut and decoration are for women's eyes. The modern drama of dress is produced for the critics—and the fact that so many wrongly-dressed women get away with it is that the critics are, fortunately for the wearers, rottenly poor critics. There are hats going about the world that would be hissed off any stage if the critics were men.

FASHION'S TRAGEDY—FAT

The eternal tragedy of woman is that fashion is designed only for the slim. And fat women have to wear it.

The amazing thing to men is that women, whose closest preoccupation all their lives is to study dress, make such awful mistakes. We allow women to dress as they like, or as they think they must. Women despite her knowledge of prices and her instinct for colour, is not æsthetic. She hasn't taste in dress. She wears hats that make a man wonder whether they were designed by lunatics for lunatics. Yet these lunatics know their market. They know that the most horrible hat or the most disastrous combination of colours on a costume will find a purchaser. Some woman will come in some day and want just that hat and just that dress. No doubt, men if they were allowed their own way, would commit just such sartorial

crimes; but luckily, they have to put on what is practically a uniform.

Even in the details of dress the majority of women go hopelessly wrong. The stout woman wears horizontal stripes instead of perpendicular ones. The fat woman will appear in white instead of black. The thin woman will accentuate her skinniness by disguising even the remnants of a figure she has got. The flamboyant woman will riot in colours. The short woman will wear a low waist. The tall woman will wear hers high. The fat woman will emphasize her fatness by furs or beribboned fluffiness. The woman with ugly hands will persist in wearing rings, which call attention to the ugliness of her knuckles and the boniness of her joints.

No woman has ever been known to give unqualified praise to her bosom friend's new frock. She will commend parts of it enthusiastically, and when going she will remark, "But don't you think that . . ." Or, "If I were you, I'd . . ." Or, "But my dear, it seems to make you look (shorter, fatter, older, skinnier, more married . . . or something—just the thing, picked out by her with an uncanny precision, that she knows would hurt you). And perhaps just the thing you secretly fear for yourself.

That is all the compensation you can get out of your bosom friend's luck in getting a new frock. But it helps.

Women are built that way. In their hearts they are envious of even their husband's new suit. If your husband can afford to pay that many guineas for a new suit, isn't it quite time that you had a new frock for yourself?

Yet no woman would any more think of choosing a dress by herself than she would allow her husband to decide on the material for his new suit. She is at heart profoundly doubtful of her knowledge of dress, She has to take her dearest friend to help her to choose it; and her dearest friend is delighted—almost as delighted as if she was choosing one for herself. And not only will she devote an afternoon to selecting the gown, but she will volunteer to see her friend being tried on. And being tried on is not a pleasure; it is like having a tooth drawn for two and a half hours. Yet both the victim and her friend will go through this agony for the sake of a new frock—for only one of them. Seeing another woman being fitted is more exciting than a picture show.

PUT THEM INTO UNIFORM

In their own interests women should all be put into uniform. Man prefers his uniform of modern attire; he hates to make himself conspicuous, unless he happens to be a bookmaker. Women themselves admit that they look smart in uniform. But they would hate to have to sink their individuality in a feminine uni-

form. It gives away the fact that all women are fatally alike. Woman is the normal sex. Man is the variegated sex. Woman keeps closer to the feminine pattern than man does to the male. The male tends to "sports." He has to develop away from the average, to develop his brain or his muscle or his money-making faculty in order to exist. Woman, in order to fulfil her job, has to keep as closely to the normal standard as she can.

A man can be a freak, and get away with it, especially if he is a money-making freak. No woman wants to be a freak, and she couldn't be a married one if she wanted to. Woman's ideal is curves and softness; man reaches out into angularities and hardnesses. Man is fundamentally a cubist; woman is a curvist.

Woman's infinite variety is merely the variety of her frocking. Put her into uniform and she remains uniform. The only uniform she wears is the one she dons when she goes to bed. And then it doesn't matter.

Finally, it may be said that dress is woman's second-best excitement. The thought of a new dress is a greater stimulant to her than even a cup of tea. A new hat will in itself take the sting out of what your dearest friend said when she saw you in it.

And does not every widow know that she found a solace for her grief in choosing her mourning?

CHAPTER III

WOMAN : HER WORK

NOW, this is a dull subject.

If this was an ideal world woman's work should consist of merely existing beautifully. Her sole function should be to brighten this globe with her loveliness, to set the world jazzing with the delight of her presence and her passing, to give to our humdrum existence the aroma and the allurements of sex, and generally to hold men on the tenterhooks of wonder, to keep them guessing, to tantalize and to tease them, to spur them on or hold them back, to thrill them and to worry them, to scorn them and to pet them, and generally to shake things up.

But not to inspire men.

It is a painful fact that no woman ever inspired a man to the extent of twopence worth of genius. A poet or greengrocer gets his inspiration from himself; not from a female. Inspiration is a purely masculine perquisite. No female need apply. His inspiration apparatus works far out of reach of her influence. Married poets do not write poems to their

wives. They kiss them. And that is much more satisfactory to both.

The wise wife of the artist or pawnbroker does not hang round the husband when he is in the throes of painting or pawnbroking; she sees that he gets a good hot meal three times a day. What he wants is cutlets, not kisses.

And that is why the wife of a genius is always jealous of his masterpieces. She knows in her soul that she has had nothing to do with the production of these dear children of his mind.

Woman's function in this scheme of things is to act as the piece of grit in the smooth running wheels of life. Her job is to jab hatpins into the other half of humanity, just to see what happens. She is the pretty fly in the ointment of life; she is the golden hair in humanity's soup.

WOMAN—THE BOLSHEVIK

Her business is to shake things up, to get into work's way, to be the eternal red-haired and red-blooded rebel. She is the angel which steps in where male fools fear to tread. She is the irresponsible spender and squanderer of man's money, the untamed pet that he keeps on the premises, the handy thing that he has in the house. She is the odd-shaped bit of the puzzle of life that never seems to fit into its place. She is the loose end of civilization, shedding hairpins

down the path of history. She is civilization's one spoilt child; and when she is civilized life won't be worth living. So we go on spoiling her.

She is also Common-Sense. Man wants to go out hunting, inventing things, fighting other men, creating poems and pictures and butcher shops and stock exchanges; and woman reminds him that he is better at home looking after her. The only thing woman has ever invented is marriage; that is good enough for her. And it will last considerably longer and needs less improvements than most of men's inventions.

Woman says, "Don't bother about looking at sunsets or rainbows. Look at me!" And man does, and likes it.

Woman is the eternal Bolshevik, the silken, sleek, untameable tiger roaming through the jungles of civilization, waving her sinuous tail invitingly in the air and purring sweetly, "Chase me!" And we do—and it gives us an appetite.

Woman was created to stir, upset, stimulate, worry, delight, annoy, astonish, hurt, degrade, uplift, and keep us guessing.

She is our ideal, our dream, our delight. She dwells in a dim and delighted region where logic doesn't count and where lip-salve does. She is the disturber of the world's peace, and we can't do without her.

And, as regards her own sex, she is the unblushing blackleg.

DOES THE DIRTY WORK

And this delightful and adorable spoilt child that we clothe and board and lodge for the whole of her life, either as father or husband, does all the dirty work of the world.

It is to woman that all the disagreeable tasks in life fall. She has to do all the cooking and the mending and the cleaning and the tidying up for mankind. This ethereal apparition of loveliness and allure knows all about cooked and uncooked meat. She has to. She does all of the unskilled labour of the world. She has to learn the prices of vegetables and estimate the toughness of steak. She has to do the dreary work of cooking and suffer the deadly agonies of washing up.

And it is work that has no eight-hour limit. And it is not exciting or even interesting work. It is intermittent and never ending. She can never, like her husband, shut down the roll-top desk and know that the job is finished. No woman's job is ever finished. Every room is always waiting to be tidied up, and the minute it is tidied up it begins to get untidy again. And the next day the whole dreary routine has to be gone through again—with the same inconclusive result. Woman has to sweep and dust

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and clean up, day by day, or see that somebody else, of her sex and usually unskilled, has to sweep and dust and clean up.

It may be said that woman gets the dirty work of the world because that is all, as a labour-saving device, she is fitted for. Scientists cruelly tell her that she is the coarser sex, that her dainty fingertips are not as sensitive as men's, that all delicate work, calling for an extreme sense of touch or exquisite dexterity, is done by men.

Watch any woman—even the woman you love—sharpen a pencil. The mess a mere slip of a girl can make of a man's life is nothing to the mess a woman makes of a pencil point. Nor can she tie a knot. Instead of tying a simple knot that will stay tied, she ties a dozen inefficient knots in the hope that there is safety in numbers. The only knot she understands and studies is the marriage knot—and even that often comes untied.

Woman in this mechanical age remains profoundly disdainful and ignorant of machinery. Every small boy takes his toys to pieces to see how they work. Every man takes the world, or his business, or his lawn-mower or his motor-car, or his mind, to pieces to see how it works. But what woman ever has the interest in her sewing machine to see why it goes—or doesn't go.

“And where,” says patient Griselda, “would I get

the time?" And anyhow, what's a husband for if not to mend the sewing machine?

The most important difference between civilization and savagery is that civilization has pockets and savagery has none. Man has to carry about the conveniences of civilization; he has to have these extra hands and nails and claws and eyes and teeth handy, ready to be used whenever he wants them. Hence he must abound in pockets. The modern man has at least a dozen pockets in his suit; he carries around with him a pencil, a fountain pen, a pocket-book or purse, a knife, a handkerchief, a corkscrew, a pipe, tobacco, keys, matches, bills, cash, stamps, love-letters, a card case, and a cigarette case. These are merely the essentials; he usually has extras like glasses or false teeth. But woman manages to do without. Her only pocket she carries in her hand, thus rendering herself unable to use both arms; and her hand-bag, not being part of her dress, is liable to be lost or stolen.

Certainly she carries her tools of trade in that one pocket, her hand-bag. There will be found the most useful instrument in her armoury, the tiny mirror. The rest of its contents don't really matter, with the exception of her dry-cleaning apparatus.

But it is important to note that modern woman faces the world with none of the weapons and conveniences that civilization has provided for man,

She goes valiantly through life armed only with a lipsol stick and a powder puff.

And as a tribute to woman's ingenuity and resource, what a lot she can do with these trivial weapons!

IF MEN HAD THE BABIES!

Man relegates woman to the worst work; and Nature joins in the conspiracy. Having a baby is a nine months' job—and a very wearying and unpleasant job, with a terror, worse than having a tooth out, waiting for the woman at the end. And she has nine months in which to contemplate that terror.

Husbands regard the matter with equanimity. They can; but suppose it was the proud privilege of the male sex to bring the babies into the world!

"It would do them good!" every mother in the world would sigh.

It would. What man would contemplate without qualms a contract out of which he couldn't get, and into which, perhaps, he was persuaded or forced against his will? Consider that contract. One of its conditions would be that he must be off colour and miserable and ill during a considerable portion of the time; yet he would have to dust the office and tidy up the floor and be cheerful to his business friends and refrain from having moods, or suddenly

weeping in the arms of his banker or the office boy, and be considerate to his poor wife when he returned to her, and put on a brave face just to keep her from worrying about him, and pretend that he had an appetite just to please her.

(And all the time, in the nights when he couldn't sleep, he would wake and shudder at what was going to happen to him before he was freed from the contract. But he wouldn't wake his wife calmly slumbering at his side. Poor girl, she wanted her sleep!)

And then he would have to see his figure, on which as a single man he had rather prided himself—it was so straight and slim—gradually become otherwise.

He would have to advertise to all his friends at the club and to all the staff at his office or his factory the fact that he was going to have a baby. He would have to listen to all the clever remarks his male friends had to make on the subject, and to find himself the object of all their bets about the baby's sex. And he would perhaps overhear calculations made by his business friends concerning the date of his marriage.

His temper would get short and he would neglect his work, and everybody would know the reason. And towards the close of that awful nine months' contract, during which he would have had to give up his golf or his bowls, and be very careful about

jumping off the tram, he would have to give up his work altogether. He would mope about the house and take stealthy and clumsy walks at night—with the knowledge that all his male neighbours were peeping out of their windows at him, and wondering

And always at the back of his weary mind would lurk the fear that perhaps the doctor or the nurse wouldn't get there in time. Or that he might never come out of it alive—or the more awful possibility that it might be twins.

And he would never know to a day, or perhaps a fortnight, when the contract would be ended.

But when the baby was born the man's troubles would just be beginning. He would have to feed and care for the child. He would have to change it and clean up after it, and worry about its appetite and other things and dose it and bathe it and wake up with it and walk the floor all night.

And this would tie him down, anchor and isolate him, for at least a year.

Everything else in the world, the purchase of a new suit, the game of bridge, the dinner in town with his male friends, the afternoon at golf, the flirtation with his pretty typewriting clerk, the day at the races—everything would be at the beck and call of a tyrannical autocrat in its little cot at home.

And when he got moody his wife would consider

that he was doing it on purpose and call it plain temper, and tell him that if she couldn't get peace and quietness in her home she would put on her hat and go and dine with her female friends in town. She would say that, goodness knew, it was expensive enough for her to have the baby without her husband getting fretful and failing to love her as he used to. And then she would slam the front door.

And the father would flop down and weep. But the poor chap wouldn't be allowed to weep long, for the dinner or the baby or the maid would insist on him getting up and putting things right.

And though his repentant wife might bring him home a nice box of cigars to make amends for her harshness, and pet him and apologize, what chance would he have of smoking a cigar when the baby was restless or hungry?

If men had to bear children the population statistics would drop to nothing in one year. If men had to change them and care for them they would drown the whole litter.

The man has not yet been born who can hold a baby longer than ten minutes. Holding a baby exhausts the strongest athlete. So women have to do it.

There is a further toll that Nature takes of the mother. Nature changes a girl's figure into that of a matron; and though a matron's figure may be

more beautiful than that of a maiden, the male sees more beauty in the bride than in the young mother.

But though the man is cruel in this he is not cruel to the wife who is expecting her baby. It is an undoubted fact that no husband notices the gradual change in his wife's figure: he simply does not see it. This is a matter of abiding wonder and thankfulness among wives.

ACQUIRING A HUSBAND

Woman's most important work in life, with the exception of washing up, is to acquire a husband. That is what she came into the world for. This capture of a husband is often a matter of luck, though it is always achieved by the deep machinations of Mother Nature. It is woman's duty so to do, and she does it.

For the acquiring of a husband woman is specially designed. She is abundantly equipped with all the necessary weapons and means. She is given, not beauty, but the appearance of beauty—in men's eyes. She unconsciously parades before men's eyes the lure of sex. She is, for a brief flowering, the blossom that must be picked. Her figure, her features, her eyes, her gestures, her walk, her varied moods—all these are her terrible weapons.

But Nature knows that even these appeals might

fail, so Nature provides the girl with more cunning weapons. She dowers the girl with deceit and an infinite cunning. In any other animal it would be termed a low cunning; but this attribute is there at Nature's imperious desire. Woman's wits win women the game. And the wits are sharpened by deceit and intrigue. Woman does not play fair, because Nature has given man the attribute of brute strength. Nature matches that crude strength with a woman's sharp cunning. The girl deceives, pretends, lies, in self-defence. Nature insists on it; for Nature wants her mated.

It is not suggested that every woman wins her man by deceit; but she adds to her attractiveness and her charm by deceiving the clumsy man. She makes a mystery of herself, she withdraws within herself, she refuses to disclose herself. And naturally the man wants her all the more. It is all part of Nature's plan.

And once the two are married what husband blames what wife? The double bed of matrimony is not always a bed of roses, but it is a bed of frankness.

YOUR SOUL-MATE

There is a theory, much prevalent during the early days of love, and lasting usually through the honeymoon, that there is only one soul-mate for every

man and every woman in the world, and that by incredible luck you and she have picked each other out from all the world of women and men. Later on you, or your wife, may have your doubts.

The comfortable fact is that the course of true love leads straight to the nearest woman. Marriages are not made in heaven; they are made haphazard. Your soul-mate may be patiently waiting for you at the other side of the world, or he may not have been born yet, or died a hundred years ago. But if you don't meet him, you take somebody else, somebody handy. After all, all men are made in the same mould. And in time one married man grows indistinguishable from another married man. And whomever you take, you instantly endow him with all the attributes of your soul-mate; for woman's capacity of deceit extends to herself. But the man does just the same to you.

It is woman's divine adaptability that smooths things over. In time, all wives are the same wife. They have to be.

A dozen assorted men would suit any woman for a husband—though possibly not all the whole dozen at once. After all, the duties of a husband are not exacting. All he has to do is to provide her with a home and a few babies—the fewer the better, nowadays—and the money to spend on her new Paris model. He must also kiss her occasionally, just

to remind her that he is there, and he must take her to the theatres and the races, and pretend to listen while she talks.

There is, as you will admit, little soul-mateship about all these duties. Any ordinary citizen can, with a little practice, become an efficient and useful husband. And every wife will see that he gets all the practice necessary. It is therefore obvious that there are heaps of possible soul-mates wandering about disguised as bachelors who need only be taken in hand by women to become satisfactory husbands.

If a woman marries a poet she becomes interested in poetry—even in his poetry; if she weds a grocer she grows enthusiastic about the grocery trade. If Fate gives her a man of heroic mould she admires his muscle; if her husband is a weed, she takes an interest in gardening. Her soul will fit any size of marriage.

When discussing husbands—one of the few remaining solaces for married women—she upholds her particular husband's virtues and vices as the ideal endowment of all possible husbands. Her soul echoes his, just as the size of her home and the cost of her clothes depends upon the size of his income.

So if instead of taking Egbert you had selected any of the other left-over eleven matrimonial possibilities, you would, in a few years' time, not have discovered any difference in your life. You will get along just

as happily and as comfortably and as monotonously with any one of the dozen probable starters.

So when a wife's soul-mate dies, the widow tries again. She has been perfectly happy with type No. 1 of husbands. Naturally she wants another husband. But does she seek out another husband of the type she has already sampled? No! She swings off the perfect husband for a type his exact opposite. She needs a change even from perfect happiness. For she knows in her heart that there are many types of perfect happiness, and that she can adapt herself to them all in turn. There are heaps of possible soul-mates in the world for any one woman, even for you. The trouble is that so few women ever get the chance to sample the rest of them.

WIFE AND MISTRESS

The modern wife has an engrossing job. She has to be wife, companion, mother, housewife and mistress. She has to uphold her husband's status before the world. She has to manage his house and feed the brute. She has to bear and bring up his children. She has to take an intelligent interest in his business concerns. She has to advise him, and tell him when to get his hair cut. And, on top of these diverse jobs, she has to be physically attractive to him—in a word, to be his mistress, though married.

The secret of all happy marriages lies in the ability of a wife to approximate to this varied cast of characters. In married life a wife plays many parts, and she has to play all of them equally well.

The average woman, once married, settles down into matrimony with a comfortable sigh of relief. She does her duty to her husband, his house and his family. She displays no interest in his business, the profits of which she spends. She may offer advice when she thinks he needs, and can afford, a new suit. She may dutifully call on her sisters-in-law, and sit at the feet of her mother-in-law, and ask all his relations down to dinner at intervals of three months. She may also do her duty to the race, in moderation.

A woman who has had one child is no heroine. A woman who has had two children, one of each kind that is made, is still no martyr. Even a woman who has had two or three children all of the one sex is to be pitied rather than applauded. She is persistent, that is all. But when a woman has two children, judiciously spaced, a boy and a girl, and decides to have a third, she deserves the meritorious service medal.

That at least is the modern wife's creed. She explains that there is no heroism in bearing the first child, because before its appearance she doesn't know what is ahead of her. And when she has got a

pigeon pair, she has no further inducement to go on.

But in addition to all these varied duties thrust upon the modern wife, she must be a little harem all on her own.

RECIPE FOR THE PERFECT MARRIAGE

Some medieval philosopher once wrote down in black letter a recipe for a perfect marriage. It was, he stated, the only really happy marriage that had come under his notice.

The doting husband made it a practice to reside for six months of the year in the jungles of Africa, with no *poste restante* address, his wife meantime living at home. Without informing his adored of the date of his return he would take passage for his homeland. On the night of his arrival, which he kept secret, he would make his way to the home of his wife. Naturally he would find the house locked up. He would also find the residence barricaded with barbed wire. But possibly from the window of his wife a dim light would be shining. But his wife's bedroom was on the upper floor, and there were all those barbed wires to negotiate.

Was that husband discouraged? Did he knock loudly on the door? Did he serenade her from the midnight street?

No, he forced his way through the wire. Then he found an old ladder, or climbed perilously up the

water pipe, or adventured on neighbouring roofs, until he reached the gleaming window. Then he smashed his way in; and as his wife started in affright from her bed, he remarked, "Hullo, wifey, I'm home!"

The next morning he set forth again for the jungles of Africa, a happily married man. And there he stayed for another six months.

But, on one of his widely separated honeymoons, an accident happened. The accident was another man.

But this is an imperfect world.

To return.

THE HURRICANE HONEYMOON

The worst part of marriage is the honeymoon. This period is popularly supposed, by those who haven't tried it, to be composed of equal parts of romance, moonlight, hotels, kisses, confessions, trains, packing, and passion, judiciously mixed and served hot.

Really, it is the most trying time for both parties. Consider its essence. You start off in a hurry to travel somewhere with a companion whom you don't know at all, except as a person to be continuously kissed. Under the trying conditions of life in steamers or trains and hotels you have to

get to know somebody who doesn't know you except as an heroic being eager to spend money on you and to pay you compliments.

Your temperaments have to accommodate themselves to each other; your personalities have to fuse into oneness; you have to settle which of the partners is to be the managing partner in a contract for life. And all this in one frenzied emotional fortnight. You have to lay the foundations of a happy marriage before you know that your bride uses curl-pins for her hair each night, and she has to reconstruct all her ideals of you when she learns that you take out your teeth for the night.

And this mutual adjustment must be made in the intervals of rapturous embraces, and in the cynical eye of callous observers. The result is quarrels, tempers, tears, adjectives. It has been calculated that more tears are shed by the bride during the honeymoon than during the rest of the first year of marriage.

Neither can possibly understand the other during that hurried honeymoon; it takes years for any pair to adjust themselves to matrimony; it takes years to pardon and forget the first clashes of the misunderstanding bridegroom and the misunderstood bride. Often they settle down into a sullen and watchful resentment, until they learn the game of give-and-take that is necessary for this as all other

contracts; and look back with a happy laugh at the childishness of their honeymoon.

Marriage is the calm harbour into which the ship comes after the tempestuous crossing of the honeymoon bar. And it is worth while to adventure to that happy and peaceful haven. Marriage is the most pleasant species of dullness known on this globe.

HURLED INTO MATERNITY

Unfortunately your arrival into this calm is too often delayed by the complication of the baby. Before the bride has had a chance to recover from the seasickness of her honeymoon she is hurled into maternity. And this is another unhappy incident on the matrimonial voyage. The bride becomes the expectant mother; and the husband who was just beginning to understand his wife finds that he has a new species of womanhood to deal with.

He cannot understand why she has lost interest in him; he is annoyed at her erratic moods, at her unexpected and apparently causeless tears, at her physical sickness, at her fancies and her coldness.

It is this mutual clash of jostling temperaments that is so often seen in the baby. The first baby is the product of two people who love each other but don't really know each other. They haven't had time.

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Give the bride her chance to know you and make allowances for you. Give her a year to appreciate the wonders of marriage and the delight of being a young wife. Give her a holiday before she has to take up her life's work. She will thank you, afterwards. She will have had something to look back upon, the halcyon calm between the hurricane of the honeymoon and the heavy weather of child-birth.

Then comes the autumn; but with too many couples that autumn comes too soon. It arrives in the middle of the spring. And this catastrophe is usually due to the wife's inability to remain her husband's mistress.

Then the husband, finding his wife cold, and not knowing why she is cold, looks elsewhere for his mistress. For the wife's love for her husband is only one of the many attributes she must possess. She gives to her child the affection she once gave to her husband, and rightly so. She has all the cares of the household, and her husband's health, and the housekeeping, and the worries about the kiddies; and when her long day is done she is not in the mood to play the part of a married mistress.

THE PERMANENT HONEYMOON

Yet woman is so adaptable, and can be so many women in one that occasionally she is the whole

cast of characters. But it is a heavy burden for one small woman to bear.

But that is the happy marriage, the marriage that is one long honeymoon—and one that does not seem long. Some marriages last right through, for they have dissolved into a placid sediment of commonplace in which all memories of passion have long been comfortably buried. The pair go calmly through life under the smooth-worn harness of matrimony. But the other marriage, the dangerous marriage, is a difficult affair to keep going right to the end. But when it succeeds it is worth while.

Of course, it is difficult for a respectable wife to become her husband's mistress. But quite necessary. For a wife has little opportunity of learning her trade as mistress, of becoming and remaining fascinating. Many wives don't even know they should put scent on their lips. She knows only one man; but perhaps her husband can help. He may be able to give her hints.

The wife who neglects catering for this side of her husband neglects her business, and may, one day, lose her job. For there are plenty of other women waiting around who will make up for her lack of knowledge and allure.

It may appear, at first sight, to be a base and merely physical side of the business of being a wife. But happily-married mates are bound together as

much as, or more than, by the physical aspect of their love as by its spiritual qualities, necessary as those must be.

A husband is too apt to divorce his spiritual love from his physical love, and look for the latter elsewhere. And, if his wife only knew her business, he could get both at home, and save the taxi fares and the rent of that flat. No husband really wants to keep up two homes, when he can get all the comforts and the excitements of both under the one roof. Think of the saving in furs alone, when one set of furs would do for both wife and mistress!

Woman's work extends over three generations. She has to attend to each. She is the link that binds the generations together. During her lifetime she has to look after her husband, of the same generation as herself. She has also to look after her children, of the next generation. And she has to look after her mother, of the generation before her. And the modern grandmother takes more looking after than the other two generations. And, finally, she has to look after herself. But for that duty she doesn't get much time.

CHAPTER IV

WOMAN : HER TYPES

THE most common type of woman is the insignificant type. This type forms the bulk of the community of women. It is also the most useful.

She is just common, plain woman. She does the work of the world; she populates the world. She is the foil for all the beauty that woman brings into the world. She is the drab, neutral background against which that rare and evanescent loveliness of woman gleams. She makes the uncomplaining and humble workaday wife, the patient, worried and careful mother, the pleasant and insignificant grandmother. Without her the world would not go on.

She has a happy girlhood, making many girlfriends but attracting few boys. She looks naturally forward to flirtations and marriage. She gazes wistfully into shop windows and wonders whether any of those gorgeous gowns will ever be worn by her. But she does her work in factory or shop or at home, or has her amusements, and doesn't worry about her future. She is content with the common lot, and keeps her eye out for a likely husband.

THE TEPID MARRIAGE

Then she finds a boy—any boy will do for her; but to her he is the only boy in all this world of males.

For a brief space she blossoms; for a woman loved is always beautiful, not only in her lover's eyes but in herself. Nature floods her face with rich blood and puts a sparkle of happiness into her eyes. And she sees her future husband through those sparkling eyes. She has not chosen any particular husband; she has fallen in with a husband—a male. But she is sure that he is the only husband in the world. Has he not chosen her?

They marry, and have a brief honeymoon; then, finding each other out, but not blaming each other at all, they settle down to the tepid comfort of marriage. Then comes the baby; and the wife becomes the mother. The honeymoon of marriage is finished; her work begins again. Henceforth she is "Mum" and he is "Dad." And that is all they are—or want to be. They are dully happy, satisfied with their lot, assured that this is all that there is in their lot.

The children grow up, and the mother mends the boys' pants and makes the girls' frocks. And slowly she settles down into a placid motherhood. Gradually her interest in her husband fades; she grows ambitious for her children. Passion, that save for a brief interval was never in her life, fades from her. The

children marry; she becomes again a mother to her daughters' children. And so she goes on until she placidly dies, ready for death and looking comfortably on a well-spent, but not particularly exciting, life.

What was she lacking in? Intelligence, perhaps, ambition surely, certainly sex attraction. She was of the neutral sex, mating happily with a male neutral. And the world goes on.

The feminine type of woman is more exciting. She is fully sexed, not fifty-fifty as is the neutral type. She hits on all cylinders.

She is the type that when she is a child men can't help noticing her. She is the girl in the row of school girls out for a walk who attracts the roving masculine eye—and doesn't mind. She is the girl that has one flirtation after another, beginning when she is fourteen. She usually begins by falling violently in love with her schoolmistress. She collects and sheds boys all through her teens. She is an experienced and matured flirt.

She can't help herself. She is built that way. For sex is just as dominating in a female as in a male. Despite her calm, her ease and her expertness in flirtation, she has a heart. She may not let you see that heart, but it worries her just as much as man's does him. The iciest maiden may melt at the most unexpected moment. But this moment usually hap-

AGAINST HER WILL

Here may be mentioned a fact of which girls are as a rule incredibly ignorant, and frankly and contemptuously refuse to believe. Girls—let us be frank—are seduced. And most of them are seduced against their will.

“Impossible!” you politely say. “Any girl can defend herself against no matter how brutal a man. She can scream, if necessary. No; she is not seduced against her will.”

Yes, but sometimes she consents against her will.

Take the case of a girl who wittingly or unwittingly gives a man who wants her the opportunity to take her by force. A girl can't always tell a scoundrel at sight. And a girl, knowing a man is in love with her, though she does not love him, takes incredible risks. She loves the power her beauty has over him. She delights in the thrill of being passionately adored. She tempts him, for the fun of the thing. Or unwittingly, she can't help tempting him—for women are temptations and dress themselves, all innocently, as temptations.

One day—or night—she finds herself in a situation from which there is no escape.

Perhaps she tastes wine, and likes it. Perhaps she tastes music at a dance. The seduction of the modern dance music, with its pagan rhythms, may

culminate in the seduction of herself. Perhaps it is the spring, the moonlight—and the man. Perhaps she is rendered irresponsible by one of those mad moods, bred of loneliness or recklessness, that catch and compel a woman—moods that lie very deep in the subconsciousness of a woman's mind. Moods that are more strenuously disciplined by men's upbringing than in women's slacker lives. Moods that depend on woman's body.

She finds herself alone in some secluded spot with the man. A locked door—and she discovers herself without any defence but herself against the mad passion of a man, the man she has tempted too far.

He kisses her. She struggles free. But the man is not to be fooled, as he thinks it, any more. She fights him; but forbears to scream. That is the key of woman's morality. She must not be found out. To scream would bring the world. The world must never know. And the man banks on her not daring to scream. Better to suffer the worst, she distractedly thinks, as long as nobody knows.

If women would only have the moral courage to scream!

But she is confident that she can resist. The man, if he is scoundrel enough, is certain that she can't. And the man too often wins.

For, no matter how strenuously she fights him, he has the advantage of greater strength. And there

comes a time when the woman in her betrays her. Passionately determined that she will never give in, hating with a fierce hatred the thought of submitting, with all her moral strength of mind set firmly against this outrage, she is betrayed—by herself. The physical side of her surges up, overwhelming her scruples by its impetuous strength; and her body consents, submits—nay, her body becomes passionately eager to submit, forces her not merely to accept his caresses but to return them.

Woman is too sure of herself, too contemptuous of the physical side of herself, too ignorant of its strength and its overmastering desires, once those desires are thoroughly aroused.

WOMAN'S RIVAL—WORK

Woman, despite her surface calm, her inherent placidity, is much more dependent upon emotion in her life than man. Her rival is sometimes another woman; more often it is his work. For against the durable attractions of a man's work a woman has little chance. Man finds in his work something that he would like to find in his love. Work is not only his occupation but his preoccupation. He can always depend on his work waiting for him and being ready for him; he knows that it is there when he wants it; he doesn't need to flirt with it or flatter it, or to tell it it is looking younger every day; he doesn't

have to take it to the theatre or the pictures; it doesn't run up bills without him knowing anything about it until the new shoes or the smart gown is worn out; it never has moods and whims and caprices; and it never sulks.

Many a wife has dimly suspected all her life that she had a rival somewhere—a rival who captured his thoughts when he ought to be thinking of her, a rival to whom he was more devoted than to her, a rival who never seemed to grow old. Naturally she imagined that her rival was someone in his office. But it wasn't a she; it was an it. It wasn't anyone in his office: it was his office itself. He had met and married his work long before he had met his wife. She was but an incident of romance; she was but a part—though a pleasant part—of his world; but work was his world, his steady-going and abiding romance. Marriage with a woman was, after all, only a brief honeymoon, a delightful vacation; but the comforting thought remained at the back of his head that he could always get back to work. Man's ultimate and deep-seated craving is not for gaiety and romance, but a steady job.

But if his wife became a steady job, he'd go on strike.

A man is jealous, too, of that exacting mistress that requires such a life-long devotion. He won't allow his woman to interfere with his work.

WOMAN'S WORK

Woman's work is less absorbing, less regular, less exciting. It is haphazard, dull, monotonous, and never finished. How can we expect a woman to lose herself in it? She turns from the dull thing desperately to emotion. But there is really not enough romance and emotion for women in the world to go round. When it is all sorted out there is precious little emotion left for the average woman. She makes the most of it; but she has to look for it in the moving pictures and the novels. That is why there are movies and Ethel Dell.

The last generation of women had to find its outlet for emotion in the novel; our mothers could only read about their hero. But nowadays a woman can see him on the screen. Our mothers imagined themselves embraced by the pages of a novel; the modern girl is thrillingly kissed by a hero with a mouth (in the close-ups) half a yard long. It is so much more satisfying.

And meanwhile the only romantic flesh and blood being that fate has allotted to her is busy at his office, stolidly and perseveringly happy with the permanent and satisfactory life-romance of his daily work. Man is romantic and sentimental only in the intervals of his work. Woman isn't in the least interested in the work he allots her; she wants a

perpetual honeymoon of romance, or rather a succession of different honeymoons, with a new hero in the lead every time. Woman lives on emotion, and she is usually starved.

SHE WANTS THAT KISS

A full-sexed woman wants that kiss just as much as a man wants it. But she gives the man no information on the subject, not even a danger signal. But she has a deep contempt for the man who ought to have kissed her, and didn't. But her contempt is not so deep as that of the man, when he recognizes the golden moment he had lost.

He wanders eagerly around, looking for another chance. But the other chances never come the same way or from the same girl.

For woman is by temperament and by instinct colder than the man. She is a late starter in the game of flirtation. Man is by temperament a self-starter. He gets early off the mark. All woman's defences against the man warn her not to give herself away. It spoils the game for her; she likes to delay and linger over the preliminaries.

But once she feels that the game is afoot she makes up for her delay. Her kiss is as warm as the man's. Her blood is as hot as his. She is a human being, with the same rare opportunities for emotion in her

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life as there are in a man's. And she needs emotion more.

Woman doesn't love. She loves being loved.

She is all love, waiting to be awakened. She is the Sleeping Beauty that is resuscitated by Prince Charming's kiss. Have you ever thought of the Sleeping Beauty's incredible luck? The first man to force his way through the jungle of illusions that surrounded her heart she accepted. It might have been the president of the Baptists' Union or the plumber. No; it would not have occurred to the Baptist President to kiss her, that the obvious and only way to revive was by a kiss. But no such doubts would affect a plumber—or any other married man. He would know. And by the mere kiss the Sleeping Beauty would know that the plumber was a prince.

So many girls discover later on that the Prince Charming that had awakened her to love was only a plumber. But by that time she has married the plumber. This basic fact explains so many modern marriages—and divorces.

Awakened by a kiss, the modern maid returns it. She loves being loved. She recognizes even in a man who wears whiskers the ideal of her soul. In her long delicious dreams of maidenhood she may have hoped for a king or a film hero to fill her heart; but when somebody in trousers awakens her she discards the corsets of illusion and imprisons her adapt-

able figure in one of those straight-fronted things of matter-of-fact. The film hero would doubtless have been more exciting for a time, but the stock-broker is more solid and lasting. And so they live happily ever after.

It is, after all, a mere matter of luck whether the full-sexed type remains a happily married wife or becomes a divorcée, whether she goes on the stage or goes to the bad, whether she contents a husband or rises on the stepping-stones of discarded lovers to marriage with a millionaire. Many a mute inglorious mother of five, if the opportunity had beckoned, might have been starred in the front page of a continent's newspapers.

THE SHY ONE

Happily nowadays the shy type of woman is almost extinct. She has had a long innings; but she knows better now. In every family of the older generation there is always a maiden aunt. She seems to get along happily enough, mothering other people's children, and putting up with the slights and disadvantages of living, almost on sufferance, in her mother's or her married sisters' homes.

She was the shy one of the family. There is always the tale of the suitor she might have had, if she hadn't been so shy. She was the modest blossom that sat

back when the men arrived, and let her more selfish sisters snap them up. She was the self-sacrificing one, who was so fond of her mother. She simply couldn't bear to leave the happy home. However would Mother have got along without her?

And Mother, being also selfish, had allowed her to pass her chances by, in order that she should continue to look after her mother.

She was the home-girl. She gave up her outings so that her sisters should have their good time. Somebody had to stay at home to look after the house. Meantime the selfish, and rightly selfish, sisters angled for their men, and annexed them. Why not? That is the rule of life. That is why women came into the world. That is their job.

So the sweet shy girl faded slowly into the maiden aunt.

But the modern girl has no ambitions to become a maiden aunt. Self-sacrifice is an excellent thing, except for a girl. Her duty is to pick out of the world some nice man to make him happy, or unhappy, for the rest of their lives.

Marriage for a man is often an incident. His work goes on just the same, except that he has to work harder and give up his golf, and his silk pyjamas. But for a girl marriage is a career, practically the only career that is open to her. Nature has spent countless centuries on her education for that

career. It is the only thing that woman does passably well.

The most amazing fact to a man is that a nice girl should adore him. None of us men ever really get over our amazement. A man, looked at critically, is not a beautiful or even attractive object. The shy youth, when he makes the startling discovery that Gladys not only likes to sit on his bony knees, but is quite willing to be kissed good and hard, is firstly frankly incredulous, and thereafter tremendously bucked. He blossoms into new suits and wears startling ties. He imagines that he is something especially brilliant and notable. Else why should Gladys tolerate him at all?

A man in bed is, let us say it in sad truth, an uncouth and ridiculous object. His boniness is utterly out of place among white sheets. A man in pyjamas is a pathetic and incongruous sight. He always feels slightly ashamed of himself. And a man knows it. Hence his saddening partiality for gaudy stripes in bed attire. He dumbly hopes that his ugliness will not be noticed beneath the broad pink stripes of his pyjamas.

A woman in bed is always beautiful. She doesn't really need the lace and the openwork that she delights in. She cuddles up in the white sheets as part of the bed-room picture. She is rounded and

soft and not lacking in curves. Man, compared with her, is a problem in Euclid.

THE VAMP

The vampire woman, who has been having such a sensational run in the moving pictures lately, does not exist—except on the celluloid. Woman does not want to vamp, and even if she has inclinations that way, she doesn't know her job. Her immemorial job is to ruin a man, but not by drink or other deviltries. She ruins him by marriage. It is a much more satisfying and a much more complete method of ruining a man. And it pays much better than the film way of the vamp.

Every woman is at heart a vamp, a predatory but a respectable vamp. There aren't enough marriageable men in the world: why spoil them when they can be made use of? A girl fixes her innocent, adoring eyes upon some free and irresponsible young man, who always has money to spend, and delights to spend it on her—in return for the opportunity to kiss her. Before he is aware the wedding-day is announced.

Then his ruin begins. It is such a gradual and such an exciting way of being ruined that he goes to his tragedy with his eyes shut. He hardly notices that the money he had to spend he now has to spend on two instead of on one. And soon there are three

to spend his money upon. So his worries are trebled; he has to worry over his wife, too, now, and often worry so much that he has no time to worry over his own troubles. And each kiddie that comes along is an additional worry.

Instead of being a care-free human being, lord of himself and captain of his independent soul, he sinks into the married man, the dulled father. The wife vamp has got him in her toils. He no longer buys hats for himself; he buys hats for her. He gives up his golf; he resigns from his club; he pushes the perambulator; he mows the lawn; and puts off getting that new suit until his old one betrays him. His end comes when his friends speak of him as a thoroughly domesticated man. Of course, having reached that stage he ought to commit suicide; but he has by this time long lost the capacity to kill himself—and besides, if he did, what would become of the wife and the family? So there is nothing left for him but to drag on on the straight dull track of domestication until death releases him and he goes hopefully off to the place where there is no marrying and no giving in marriage.

THE PSEUDO-VAMP

In the pictures we see the full-grown vamp, a thing of curvist art, all snaky silhouette and lissom, sinister loveliness, whose every movement suggests

the possibilities and probabilities of passion, a luscious human animal looking for her foredoomed prey. She cannot enter a restaurant without evoking shudders and thrills in the being of every waiter, and she works her large cow-like eyes overtime. She has merely to fasten those eyes on the noble hero to fascinate him; and for the hero it is all over.

Then, having got him into her stranglehold she proceeds to ruin this man who, if left unvamped, might have become president of the United States. As for little tearful wifey, she hasn't a chance against this predatory female. For in the pictures it is always the good and strong hero without a vice except golf who is ruined by the vamp.

But in real, not reel, life the only victim a vamp devours is a man not worth devouring. He is never a strong man; he is usually a weakling, the good fellow whom everybody looks after because he needs looking after. Inevitably he is vamped, and if he goes phut the world puts it down to some baby vamp who has fastened on to him. She merely completes his education. He was his own victim long before he met his vamp. Some men were born to be vamped.

Occasionally a vamp is the best thing that could have happened to him. For there is little fun in ruining a man; and there is no living in it even for the most pertinacious vamp. Many a weakling has

been turned into a passable husband by wedding his baby vamp.

The vampire in real life is a mere imitation of the film variety. She easily imitates the sinousness and the snakiness of the movies; but she hasn't the qualifications for the job. It takes a lot of practice to become a professional vamp; and by the time the baby vamp is grown up and expert she is married or too old for the work. The vamp stage in a girl's life is a common one; she grows out of it when she meets the man she needs to look after her. She doesn't spoil her market by making him bankrupt or a victim to drink.

Exit the vamp.

The masculine woman doesn't need any space. She is merely a man in the shape of a woman; and there's not much fun in looking like a woman and being a man.

THE ARTISTIC FEMALE

The literary or artistic woman is the greatest bluff ever put up on the world that is always ready to be bluffed. Every girl goes through a literary or artistic or musical stage. It is part of her development, part of her reactions when blossoming into womanhood. During this awkward phase of her growth she dives amazingly into the arts. She writes won-

derful poetry or shows remarkable promise as an art student.

But the world waits, knowing well that this is but an efflorescence of sex that will merge into more practical results. The girl wakes up to the fact that she is a woman and not an artist. She has her real work in the world to do, to dress and make the most of her chief asset, her body, and to leave her brain alone. She may go on writing poems or painting pictures, but gradually these decrease in importance as her real interests crowd them out of her real life. She falls in love, and all the poetry in her composition is devoted to idealizing her usually commonplace lover. She marries and produces no more poems; she produces babies. And one healthy baby is worth more to herself and to the world than a century of sonnets or a magazine page of *vers libre*.

In the rare cases where the woman goes on writing poetry or painting pictures she never beats man at his own game. Her artistic work, however sincere or original, is inferior to that of the sex that is meant to do these things. Woman is cruder than man; her dainty fingers are not so sensitive or so delicate in their sense of touch as man's larger and more bony ones. Her mind has not the range or the subtlety of man's. She is content to work on a lower plane, producing much that is of beauty or of value, but nothing that is not excelled by man. She is never

a competitor of man's in the higher flights of the human imagination; she doesn't need to be. She has her own important share of utility and charm to contribute to life. And she knows it. After all, the cleverness with which she paints her pictures is of less importance to the world than the art with which she rouges her lips.

There are other portraits in the gallery of women; but they all bear a strong family likeness. Every woman is the same woman when it comes to fundamentals. The unifying factor that makes all women of the same family, as compared with the wider range of difference that marks out men, is their dependence upon their sex. A woman's sex is the important thing about her, not her brain, nor the colour of her hair. Her sex takes charge of her, dominates and moulds her. She can never escape from her consciousness of sex.

Man can. He can lose himself in work or pleasure, in science or in bridge; but the greatest girl tennis player's mind is never entirely devoted to the game. She is always conscious that she is a woman, and she would rather lose the game than have her hair come down on the tennis court.

EVERY WOMAN

Every woman when she knows that she is in the wrong will instinctively accuse the man of being at

fault. Every woman who proposed to will either say, "This is so sudden!" or pretend to think it. Every woman's wristlet watch is always wrong. Every woman forgets to wind it up. Every woman will discuss every woman's husband, including her own. Every woman has to sit down three times before she is quite comfortable. Every woman would rather be smart than nice. Every woman gets the keenest pleasure out of shopping. Every woman wants to get married. Every woman is jealous of every other woman. Every woman lacks interest in machinery. Every woman never is quite sure which floor she wants to get out of a lift from. Every woman answers back. Every woman sees herself more beautiful than she is at her mirror. Every woman refuses to cook meals for herself when there is no man about. Every woman yawns. Every woman has moods when she does things which she wouldn't do when normal. Every woman's gown covers a multitude of pins. Every woman is unpunctual. Every woman loses parcels. Every woman spoils her first baby. Every woman broods over the fact that she is a woman. Every woman thinks she knows how to dress. Every woman hates darning. Every woman when she is half-dressed looks like one of those war-pictures of devastated France. Every woman hates wind. Every woman needs an occasional hammering. Every woman loves being loved.

Every woman leaves needles about. Every woman worries over her complexion. Every woman wants to be either thinner or fatter. Every woman can be flattered. Every woman gets the miseries. Every woman despises logic. Every woman moons. And every woman is a child.

And aren't we men forever devoutly thankful that this wonderful and entrancing being never grows up! Barrie made Peter Pan a boy. That was his most delightful joke. Because every woman knows that the world is full of Peter Pans—all women!

CHAPTER V

WOMAN : HER BRAIN

IT is only shirking the question to say that she hasn't any.

We are not talking about her soul. In fact, there isn't very much to say about a woman's soul. She has so small a sense of property, being herself, in the eyes of the law, merely some man's property, that she is continuously losing things that belong to her, such as gloves, her maiden name, parcels, appointments, her complexion, her temper, umbrellas, and time. So it is quite likely that on the Day of Judgment she will turn up in something quite smart in resurrection gowns, but will discover that she has mislaid her soul.

But her brain is there, all right. It is a bright, beady, glittering, compact little brain, working with a business-like click. It is not a filing cabinet card-system brain; it doesn't work in any recognized order, or by any methodical system. It just explodes—and out comes the result, like a receipt ticket from a cash register.

As man doesn't know what to make of it, he calls it intuition. He knows that he could never get results

haphazard like that, and he wisely doesn't try. He methodically adds up his facts and writes down the result. Woman gets the result without waiting for all the facts. If they aren't there, they ought to be there. It's not a logical world, anyhow; so why measure it with the yardstick of logic.

IF WOMEN WERE LOGICAL

Then women are illogical? Why, yes! But what man isn't illogical—man who innately believes he can make money at the races, man who is certain that the next hand he will hold four aces, man who thinks that the woman who wants to escape from her family and set up a house of her own loves him for himself alone, man who is sure that if he had to play that hole again he could do it in four, man who has convinced himself that he always knows just when to knock off!

Consider what the world could be like if women were logical. We would always know what a woman meant and what she was going to do next. She would wear logical hats and logical shoes and logical corsets—or if she were excessively logical, she would leave them off. If a girl loved us she would tell us straight off and not keep us guessing for months. And she wouldn't talk unless she had something to say. She might even be logical on her honeymoon.

And just think what that would mean to us. Half

the fun of proposing to a girl is that you are never absolutely sure that she will not turn you down. And if you, metaphorically, take away all the logical clothes that woman hangs or ties about her, what attraction would be left? What sort of a woman was Euclid's wife? History is silent, but she was certainly the sort of female that would use his forty-seventh problem, over which he had been slaving for months and neglecting his meals, for curl papers. Q.E.D.

Woman in her illogical hat and her unsyllogistic sentiment is the eternal triumphant challenge to political economy.

A German scientist has recently discovered that straight lines are not straight, that light has gone on the bend, and that there is a warp or kink in space. It took a German scientist to discover that when the fact has been known for centuries uncountable. The warp in the stuff of the universe is woman. There's a kink in her, and that warp runs through all our lives. In fact, it is the warp of woman that has produced the universe. Without the warp of woman we would be still in the shape of atoms. And the first ion of radium that escaped from the radium atom was a female.

Centuries ago woman knew that light could be bent. She can see that her hair is tidy at the back of her head; and no woman could ever draw a straight

line. She doesn't need to. She gets there quicker by going a longer way round.

HOW WOMEN ARGUE

Woman's brain has made her the supreme chatterer. She flits from one subject to the next, leaving the man to try in vain to find the connecting link. She hovers over one topic for a bright moment, then is attracted by the next and flutters away to investigate it. A man hasn't a chance to keep up with her.

Suppose a husband comes home brimming with enthusiasm for some exhilarating subject like, let us say, industrial unrest. He is eager to talk the matter over with his wife. The debate goes something like this:

"This industrial unrest, my dear, is getting serious. Now, I have been thinking over it and I——"

"That reminds me, Horace, that Maude wants a rise of two shillings a week. She says that Mrs. Jones-Smith gives twenty-two and six."

"Just as I was going to point out. An admirable illustration, from which we may draw the conclusion that——"

"That Maude isn't telling the truth. I heard from Mrs. Johnston that Mrs. Jones-Smith is only giving her girl twenty-one shillings. And she isn't worth that."

"Just as I was going to say, my dear. This industrial unrest is permeating——"

"Yes, the price of meat! I was talking with Mrs. Hoops yesterday. You know Mrs. Hoops—wears that funny hat, and they do say . . . well, you know. Her husband is always going on business trips and she—What was I going to say! Oh, yes. The price of meat. Well——"

(You note the connecting link that has swung the dear woman on to a new subject? It was the word "permeating" which suggested to her vivacious mind the topic of "meat.")

"Meat?" Horace has to adjust his slowly detonating mind to this new subject. "The price of meat is merely a symptom of——"

"Talking of symptoms, Horace, don't you think that baby is developing a cold? She's been feverish all day."

Her husband dismisses baby by suggesting a dose of castor oil.

"Yes, dear, and do you know what the chemist is charging for castor oil now? Why, it's——"

He is not interested in the price of castor oil. "It's the same with all commodities," he goes doggedly on. "Everything we eat and drink, the clothes we wear——"

"Yes, Horace. I saw a lovely model gown in

Blimps' this afternoon. Nigger brown gabardine, you know, with——"

"It doesn't matter what we take as an example, dear. If we look into the conditions of living and manufacturing we will find that this industrial unrest is both the cause and the effect of high prices. For example, take hats——"

"How can I, Horace?" his wife plaintively remarks. "I was looking over my hats this morning, and do you know that I haven't got a hat to wear. There was one I saw this morning, velour, that——"

Horace is sorry that he has taken hats for his argument. He pauses and attempts to grope for his lost argument.

His wife eagerly butts in. "I always say that one really smart hat, one that all your friends will recognize as the real thing, is far better and more economical in the end than two cheaper hats that aren't quite up to date."

Horace has heard that before. All husbands have heard that before. It is such a help when the bill for the model hat comes in. Horace goes lumbering on with his argument. It was quite a clear argument when he started it, but now it seems to have fallen over its own feet entangled in nigger brown and velour. He cranks up again, but—

"You'll have to get your hair cut again, Horace," his wife abruptly remarks. "It makes you look so

middle-aged when you let your hair come down to your ears."

"Too busy to-day," he apologizes. Now, where was he? He never finds out, because Billy has spilt his gravy on the table-cloth, and after that his wife wants to know exactly what he did that day at the office and what he said to him and what the other man said when he said that. And then she has to tell all about everything that she did that day and what Mrs. Who's This had said to her and what she had told Mrs. Who's This, and that Mrs. Whatdye-callim is "expecting" another, the third, and that she is just dying for a boy.

That is industrial unrest in the home.

What husband hasn't come home with a bad headache, miserably hoping for sympathy, and found that his wife has got in ahead of him? She has had a bad headache, too, all day—and that's all he gets out of his headache.

THAT PRESENT TO YOUR WIFE

Woman's brain is so quick that from three isolated facts she can construct a whole film scenario. She seizes upon the fact that her husband had to go back to the office for important cables that night, instead of taking her to the picture show. Fact one. Next morning notices that he has a smear of face-powder on his coat—a differently scented face-powder to the

one she uses. Fact two. Not much to go on, as yet. But that evening he brings her home that bead handbag which she had been wanting him to buy for weeks. Fact three.

That settles it. If only husbands knew how unwise it is to bring home an unexpected and expensive present to their wives they wouldn't so often break up their homes. That string of near-pearls is a string of remorse. Here he is out enjoying himself and poor little wifey is staying dully at home, mending his socks. Well, hang the expense, she shall have her pearls! And the husband feels such a glow of generosity in buying wifey that present that he immediately arranges for some more important cables to detain him at the office next Thursday evening.

The wife adds up 1, her husband's late night out; 2, the wrong face-powder; and 3, the pearls—and it tots up one tragedy, with a divorce case as the climax.

Man is a poor liar. He gets on well enough in business because in business he has only to meet other poor liars. But when he lies to a woman he is a crude amateur competing with an expert.

NATURE'S BEST JOKE

Woman's brain is fortunately deficient in a sense of humour. There has never been a female humorist

in the world. Luckily for us; for if women had the sense of humour keenly developed—oh, wouldn't they find us funny!

But it will be objected that women laugh more easily than do men. And they laugh with the whole of their faces, while men merely grin. This proves the point. The great humorists of the world have seldom smiled. They were mostly married.

No woman admits that she lacks a sense of humour. That, again, proves the point. There is no such animal as a wife without a smile. A woman always laughs at what she doesn't understand. That is why she so frequently laughs at herself. It is always a woman's laugh that comes at the tensest and more serious moment of a drama. And at the most solemn instant of her life she smiles—that fateful instant when she accepts the man who loves her. Fate smiles, too.

Nature has been wise in withholding the gift of humour from women. Even a rudimentary sense of humour in a wife leads straight to the divorce court. When a husband appears funny to his wife love flies out of the window. Man is differently made. He can find his wife laughable and lovable. He can see her foolishness and her ineffectiveness and her lack of brain, and love her all the more for it. The more foolish she is the fonder he gets of her. He adores her logic as much as he likes her lips.

Considered philosophically, woman is Nature's finest joke—a joke that is eternally repeated and never gets stale.

Nobody ever knows what a woman will do next. For herself, she doesn't try. Condemned to a dull round of daily existence, she is always expecting the unexpected. The world would be a happier world if husbands more often ran amok. A little madness in a man is necessary for his wife.

TAKING HER TO THE THEATRE

You decide to take your wife or your girl to the theatre. You mention the fact at breakfast or at the office and decide to get tickets for Wednesday. Everything is arranged, and therefore everything is dull. You go on Wednesday and that is all there is about it.

But the wise husband, having decided to take his wife to the theatre on Wednesday, says nothing about it. On Wednesday evening, however, he arrives late home for dinner, bursts in and remarks, "We're going to see that show to-night, old girl! Here are the tickets! Get a move on, now! Nonsense, you've got plenty of dresses, and it won't take you twenty minutes to change."

Instantly your wife is excited and delighted. And how she loves you for that rash impulse! She is

actually ready to catch the tram. If she had had a week's warning she would have missed that tram.

And after the theatre you suddenly suggest that you must have supper. Of course, you have reserved your seats at the restaurant, but you disguise the fact. And that night your wife is perfectly happy, and thanks her gods for a husband that has the saving grace of madness in him.

For woman—there, the secret is out!—is the eternal child. Her days are dreams of excitement that seldom come off. She is pleased with a toy or a bunch of roses, and her birthday is a birthday party. Wives even get excited over their husbands' birthdays.

There was once a man who married a humorous wife. His sense of humour was so strong that he had to marry her. It was the most melancholy of marriages. The wedding service struck them both as shriekingly humorous and the honeymoon was laughed out of court.

Considered with detachment a kiss is a ludicrous jest. A woman's figure is almost as funny as a man's. An embrace is the utmost in the ridiculous. A man in pyjamas is a figure for humour. If in the middle of a kiss a woman sees its humour that is the murder of that kiss. A smile in the middle of an embrace is more paralysing than a yawn.

THE YAWN

Women and the cat and tiger tribe are the only animals that continually yawn. Observe any gathering of men and women, at a concert, on a tram, in the street, and you will find that the first person to yawn is a woman. Her mind has fewer subjects to occupy it in her spare moments than man's. For a man's contact with the world and the variety of his activities seldom leave his majestic mind unoccupied.

When he ceases wondering whether he will back that horse for the Cup, his mental apparatus turns quite easily to the alluring possibilities of another little drink. When he has discussed that, his thoughts switch naturally on to the question whether his swing of his brassey can be improved by that grip Brown told him about last Sunday. He hasn't quite settled that important question when he wonders whether that girl in front of him—he has unconsciously increased his pace down the street—will look as alluring from the front as she looks seen from behind. Though he knows that her face or her age will certainly give her away he hurries on; and to get over his disappointment he allows his mind idly to drift to the four kings he held last night at the club. That exquisite subject having been gloated over he harks back to the curves and the provocative

open-work of his new stenographer and builds rosy pictures of a temporary future. Then, lingeringly, he gets back to tin tacks, and shifts his whole intellectual apparatus to the question of the excuse he will offer his wife for his late night next week.

It is only when entering his front door that his mind becomes blank enough to allow him to yawn.

It is this wide and diverse range of subjects for deep thought that keeps man's mental equipment sparking properly. Woman has only four topics that really interest her. Dress, men, babies and meat. And these subjects for thought are not sufficient to occupy even a woman's mind. It is as easy and as natural for a woman to yawn as to smile. And when she is not doing one she is doing the other.

And it must be remembered that the majority of her yawns comes from the fact that she is brooding over being a woman.

Woman's most natural method of argument is the Hint. She works tortuously to her aim by wandering all around the subject. Suppose she has a wedding anniversary a month off. Her husband always brings her home an anniversary present, and somehow he never forgets the date and never makes a mistake by buying the wrong present. Even the most forgetful of husbands remembers his wedding anniversary, provided he is properly trained by his wife.

THE ANNIVERSARY PRESENT

Of course the best thing about the present is its unexpectedness. A present expected is no present to a woman. In her eager little anticipatory mind she has almost worn out that string of pearls that her husband has promised her by the time it comes home.

So one of the rules of the game of anniversary presents is that the wife must never know what she is going to get or whether she is going to get it. The idea is to make her husband suddenly decide that a string of pearls is just the thing for his wife's plump neck. And he is tickled to death at his cleverness in thinking of such an unexpected and so desirable a present for the dear unsuspecting little woman.

The game begins months before the date.

"Why," she exclaims, looking excitedly up from the page in the morning paper that contains the advertisements, "it's only three months till we'll have been married nine years!"

"Will it, dear?" her husband murmurs behind his paper.

That's enough for that day. A week later his wife remarks, "I saw Mrs. Twice at the concert last night, and she was wearing such a lovely string of pearls."

"Well, old Twice made more than the price of a

string of pearls out of leather during the war. Every war profiteer's wife has to wear a pearl necklace. Otherwise, how could her acquaintances tell she was a profitemess?"

"But with a scraggy neck like hers——!"

"Like pocketing your opponent's ball," her husband replies.

"I always think that no woman ought to wear pearls unless she has a nice neck and shoulders. . . ."

Her husband can't help glancing at his wife's nice neck. "Like yours, my dear," he idly remarks, and thinks, poor man, that he has neatly dismissed the subject with a compliment.

But pearls as a subject are not to be lightly dismissed by any woman. "Oh, my amber beads will do me," she remarks. "It's different with Mrs. Twice. He can afford them."

"And we can't, eh?" her husband laughs. "If it comes to that," he braces himself, "I daresay old Twice would have to buck up if I started in on pearls."

"Now, you mustn't be silly," she smilingly reproves him. "There's heaps of other things, more useful things, that we need. Pearls! Time enough to think of things like that when we're millionaires!" She can't help sighing. "Only, by that time, dear, I'm afraid I won't want to show my neck much."

"Nonsense!" he remarks,

The subject drops for a few weeks. It exclusively occupies the mind of the wife during that period, and is never referred to by her. In her husband's mind it simmers vaguely.

"What are you wearing those coloured beads for?" he asks one evening. "They don't suit you at all."

"No? . . . I'm not very keen on them myself. They're only imitation, you know. But I can't go on wearing my amber beads with every dress I put on. They don't go with this gown, I know; but I get tired of amber."

Unconsciously her husband is getting tired of amber, too. That is all part of the treatment. Meanwhile, he has quite forgotten the wedding anniversary. Too busy with a big deal in his business to think about things that don't matter.

"When are you going to take your holidays?" his wife one day asks.

"Holidays?" He is surprised. "Let me see, what date is it? The seventeenth!"

"Why!" His wife is surprised. "That's just a week from the day we were married. Fancy, we'll be married nine years on the twenty-fourth!"

"Really! . . . Yes, must be all that. But it seems to have flown, hasn't it? Well, well!"

That is enough about that. But the time has come for direct action. His wife starts next morning at breakfast.

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"I see that Baldwin's are advertising such lovely pearl necklaces."

Pearl necklaces? Where had he heard those words before? . . . Oh, yes. Mrs. Twice is wearing them . . . scraggy neck . . . amber beads. . . . Plump shoulders . . . look well on Alice's neck. . . . Useless things, though . . . cost a lot of hard cash . . . still, they don't wear out . . . likely to go up in value, too. . . . Sort of investment . . . please the wife. . . . Hm!

But that day and the following one he is too busy to carry out his vague intention of dropping along to Baldwin's and looking their pearl-strings over.

Next morning, however, the direct action method is tightened up.

"It's rather silly, don't you think, for married people to give each other presents at their wedding anniversaries?" his wife smiles. "But I'm going to get you some little thing, as usual, dear, even though we are an old married couple. I thought of a new pair of pyjamas. You know you do want a new suit."

"Do I, Alice? Right. That reminds me, is there anything you'd particularly like? Of course, I can't go to anything expensive; but . . . is there any little thing that you've set your heart on?"

No; there was nothing she wanted. Just as a memento, though, some little thing would be rather fun, wouldn't it? Nothing elaborate, of course. He

didn't want to shower things on her, and just for a stupid old thing like a wedding anniversary! No-oo! She could think of nothing. But he might see some little thing in the shops. It really didn't matter what it was, as long as it was a surprise. She did love surprises . . . and it was nice to remember birthdays and things like that, wasn't it? Only he mustn't tell her what it was going to be. It would spoil all the fun of opening the parcel, wouldn't it?

And on the morning of the wedding anniversary, she woke up to find a neat parcel, and feverishly opening it she found the pearl necklace.

"Just what I wanted, dear," she happily crooned, putting it on. She gave him an excited kiss and rushed to look at herself in the mirror. "Just the right length, and oh, what lovely pearls! However did you know I'd love a pearl necklace? And how did you have the taste to choose just this one?"

He explained. He had gone to Baldwin's . . . well, because it was the best place for pearls. He knew that, though pearls were out of his line. But he had always heard that Baldwin's was the shop. No difficulty in making a choice. This was the one necklace that would suit her. Picked it out at once.

And he really had. For his wife had visited Baldwin's the week before and had carefully inspected every pearl necklace in the shop. She had taken her bosom friend with her; and the two had had a

wonderful day trying on millions of pounds' worth of pearls and seeing how they fitted. For pearl necklaces, like gowns and hats, must be tried on and fitted to match the neck and shoulders. And usually the hair must be done all over again.

She had made her choice and informed the shopman that when her husband arrived he was on no account to be allowed to select any other.

TRUE STORY OF THE APPLE

Woman was just the same in the Garden of Eden. It is stated that though she knew that the apple tree was forbidden she saw the tree and that it was good for fruit and that it was pleasant to the eyes and a tree to be desired to make one wise. So, of course, she picked the ripest and biggest apple and handed it to the unsuspecting Adam?

Not if she was Eve. She would never have looked at the tree if it had not been called to her notice and marked as forbidden. But once she was aware of that she simply couldn't help hanging around it. She lost her appetite for nuts so obviously that Adam remarked on her losing weight. He wouldn't have noticed it if she hadn't discreetly suggested it. No; there was nothing particular she craved for . . . but she had heard that apples were good for the complexion.

"Apples?" said Adam. "Never heard of them.

But you show me where they grow and I'll get you some."

"Oh, no, darling. You mustn't. Don't you know they're forbidden?" she resignedly sighed.

Adam remembered. So apples were off.

"I wonder what their taste is like?" she idly remarked, ruffling up Adam's red hair. It was a new sensation for Adam, and he liked it.

"And they look so beautiful, don't they? And I'm sure they are good for the digestion. And then, you know, Adamie, that if I ate one it would make me wise."

Adam sat up. Eve was certainly annoyingly deficient in wisdom. She never knew when to let him alone, and she was always so curious to know what he had been doing every minute of the day. And though she was great on table decorations her cooking was atrocious. A pity that apples were on the prohibited list.

When they went for their Sunday afternoon stroll she directed his steps to the forbidden tree. She had hoped that there might be a windfall under it; but though the tree was covered with ripe apples none had fallen.

"If a big wind would only come . . .?" Eve sighed. "Do you see that big rosy apple near the top? You're so strong and such a good shot that I'm sure you could knock that one down with a cocoa-

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nut. But, of course, that would be just the same as picking it, wouldn't it? So we'd better go straight home to our Sunday tea, though there is nothing to eat but nuts."

Eve simply couldn't eat anything that evening. She complained of a headache and went straight to bed. And for three days she stayed in bed, obviously pining for apples, though she was very brave and never mentioned the silly fruit. And Adam had to do his own cooking and washing-up and—what every husband hates—clear out the grate.

Well, there was nothing for it. That night Adam crept out and plucked the largest apple in sight, sneaked home and placed it beside her pillow. And when he woke in the morning there was only the core left—and Eve was waiting by the bedside with a nice hot cup of morning tea—made out of nuts and water—for him. And when he got up he found that last night's washing-up had been done and that the grate had been cleared out and a new fire set.

The improvement in Eve's complexion was immediate. She had no more headaches, and Adam's hair got all the ruffling that it wanted.

He kept a good look-out for the appearance of wisdom in Eve's little brain. And he was not disappointed; for the first thing she said to him after breakfast was, "Do you know, ducky diddums, I simply haven't got a single smart fig-leaf to wear!"

CHAPTER VI

WOMAN : HER SOUL

WOMAN'S sole is smaller than man's, and of a different shape. It is not so wide in the tread, and it is much more pointed. It is much thinner than a man's, and consequently it wears out much sooner. And it never really keeps out the wet.

For further details of woman's soul see page 999.

(Note for Printer: The number of that page should be a page that is not in the book. Some number after the number of the last page will do.)

CHAPTER VII

WOMAN : HER LIFE

“**I**T’S a girl!” the nurse says—and you know the worst.

You had wandered away from the house to await the result. You had discovered the moment the nurse arrived that you weren’t wanted, that you were no use, that the farther you got off the landscape the more pleased everybody concerned would be.

You wandered disconsolately about the garden, wondering how many hours you would have to put in. And then you had heard that cat in the garden. It kept faintly mewling. You peered among the shrubs to find it, and you couldn’t. Well, better get back to the house and hang about for any news. And immediately you entered the door you heard that cat mewling again, mewling lustily. Where was it? It must be put out at once. It might disturb Her. . . .”

Why, the confounded thing was mewling in the bedroom! . . . And then the nurse had tiptoed out. . . .

Of course, you had wanted a boy. You always do want a boy—unless you have got five boys. And then you don’t get one.

You want a boy because—well, it all comes down to this, you want him to carry on the name. Your name, your important name. Well, just sit down for thirty minutes and see if you can rake up any real reason why your name should be carried on. . . .

You can't be ambitious for a girl. You bring her up and educate her and expensively "finish" her; and a total stranger comes along and grabs the finished product. And just at the time when she is becoming useful about the house and beginning to repay you for all your expense. And that's the end of your name.

But a boy is a much more worrying job than a girl. Boys are infinitely more difficult to rear. The chances of a boy reaching maturity are less than those of a girl. For the female is the more resistant to disease, the longer liver. A girl's chance to become a widow is much brighter than a boy's chance to become a widower. That is probably why women rush matrimony more eagerly than men.

This uncertainty about the sex of the expected baby is sufficiently worrying as it is. Nature ought to put up a danger signal when it is to be another girl. You are about to add a new factor to your life, one that will alter the whole of your future outlook and actions; and you don't know whether that new factor will wear trousers or "them."

The baby girl grows up.

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From the very beginning the baby is a woman. And to the very end the woman remains a baby. Every female is a mother from birth. The child begins by mothering a doll; later she mothers a husband; then she mothers a child; then she mothers a few affable strangers; and finally she mothers a grandchild. She is both mother and child all her life.

HER ARTIFICIAL INSTINCTS

The woman of civilization, however, begins early with an artificial instinct as strong as the natural instinct of motherhood. No small girl needs to be taught the value and the thrill of dress. From the earliest stages her greatest delight is to be allowed to put on her party dress. And if every woman knew the exact date of her own death she would order the smartest and most expensive costume for the event that could be found in the shops. Anyhow, her widower would have to pay the bill.

Her third instinct is the cuddling instinct. The small girl loves to be cuddled. Boys soon begin to dislike sleeping in the same bed as their brothers; but sisters love to sleep together. This cuddling instinct survives in adult life.

The child becomes a flapper and makes the tremendous discovery that there are boys in the world. Her freedom and her frankness disappear, carefully

covered up beneath her protective armour of dissimulation. She learns the terror and the triumphs of immature love; she is caught up on wild currents of thrills and moods; she is all one amazement of wonder over herself. Depressions, exaltations, yearnings and fears alternate in her confused soul. She is whirled on by unknown and irresistible forces; she shivers and she blushes. Life has taken hold of her.

The sway of sex forces her into unknown regions. She breaks out into a brief efflorescence of her subconsciousness that is now in charge of her conscious self. She writes poetry; she faints; she has moods of despair and of ecstasy.

That steadies, passes; and she begins to enjoy the game of flirtation for its own sake. She is infinitely older than the youth of her age. The hysteria goes; she begins to find her feet. The world, she finds, is a world for women. Shops are built and furnished for her. Cities are founded for her. Everything rare and wonderful is made or procured for her. The universe exists but to deck her out; civilization has been laboriously evolved but to win her careless smile. She has only to amuse herself—and wait till He comes along. And sometimes she has nothing else to do for the rest of her life but wait for Him. . . .

But, thanks to Nature, who has a kindly soul when she wants things done, marriage usually happens. That is just it—it happens. The urge of the sex-

impulse takes no account of compatibility of temper or of brain or of character. Nature's sole idea is to marry 'em off as quickly as she can. She doesn't really care whether they are married or not, so long as they produce the baby. But since man has formulated his own laws on the subject Nature doesn't object—so long as there is a baby, preferably heaps of babies. No young man wants to marry a girl to make her the mother of his child. All he wants is that girl. And though no doubt the idea of a little baby all of her own, to spoil and cuddle and dress up, is always at the back of the woman's brain, it isn't the father that she sees in Him, but the lover—and the fiercer the better.

SHOULD A HUSBAND TELL?

Should a husband confess? Should he tell his new-made wife all the shocking details of his horrible past? Certainly!

To begin with, his young wife knows he has had a past. She is not jealous of his past, as long as it does not lap over into the present or the future. In fact, the average bride looks to find in her husband someone who knows the game. She is, of course, an amateur; and he is a professional. He has had the experience, the practice that have been denied her. The modern girl is beginning to ask why.

She doesn't want to muddle this difficult business of marriage right at the start. She assumes that her husband will know what to do. She would be very much exasperated if he didn't. She looks to him for guidance, for knowledge; for even the flirtiest flirt has great gaps of ignorance about herself and him.

And how could he get the necessary knowledge except by practice? He brings to married life the advantages of a handicap—except, of course, when he weds a widow. There must have been other women in his life. Well, why shouldn't he confess it?

Besides, the bride is always intensely curious about those other women, those unknown predecessors of her. What were they like? Were they prettier than she? What attracted him to them? And what and where are they all now?

And when her husband confesses she will find that not one of the lot was in the least like her. How could any of them be like her, when he had married her?

So every new husband is advised to tell his wife the tale of his awful past. And there will be few wives who will not be painfully disappointed at the recital: One of the reasons why she married Hector was that she thought from his eyes and that little greyness on the temples that he had been a Regular Devil with women. And now it appears that all his

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experiences with them would almost have been passed by the National Board of Censors: there wasn't one great Passion among the list.

So every husband is advised to tell his wife the tale of his youthful indiscretions—and make them as hot as he can. The more acres of wild oats he says he has sown the better she will like it—and him. His young wife will begin to wonder why she married him if he didn't turn out to be a Regular Devil. So, for the future happiness of your marriage, confess, tell the whole truth and all the untruths that will add to the effect. The more women you populate your past with the better your wife will like you. For, consider the compliment. You had had all those passionate creatures in love with you, one after the other, or—this is a good touch—several contemporaneously, and yet you left those sinuous vampires to wed your dear little wife! Won't the dear little woman glow and thrill at the thought!

Kiss and tell. Tell, even if you haven't kissed.

A much more difficult problem is whether the bride should tell. But the question calls for no answer, for, of course, she has nothing to tell.

IN TROUBLE

Now about the unwanted baby. They do happen, even nowadays. The popular belief is that once a girl has a baby before she has a marriage certificate

she is ruined, a fallen woman and other dreadful adjectives. How often we have seen her on the stage! The fact that she is always the most beautiful girl in the play and invariably wears the nicest clothes is some compensation—and unwittingly true to life. For nobody wants to get the unattractive girl into trouble; she has troubles enough of her own.

When the heroine produces the child to her proud parents they instantly show her to the door, they bundle her and her encumbrance—to use the landlord's phrase—out into the exact centre of the snow-storm that was waiting just around the corner for her to step into.

In real life when a mother hears from her daughter the dreadful fact, her first instinct is to look after her. Certainly she does not advertise the fact to the neighbours; but she cares for the daughter and—when it arrives—the child. There is no question of forgiveness—mothers are not made like that. And though father, when the news is broken to him, might be pained and explosive in his language, he, too, can be brought around to the natural viewpoint of common humanity.

The family is an entity; what hurts one member hurts them all; they are armed against the world; and in the end the kiddie is brought up as one of the family, and has just as good a chance in the world as any other mortal. For the offence is not one

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against Nature, but against man-made rules. Given the right circumstances Nature will produce a baby; but Nature has never produced or signed a marriage certificate.

It was wrong of the girl, but frequently it is the mother of that girl who is the real wrong-doer. It is a mistake that is terribly punished, and the punishment most unfairly falls on the more innocent of the two sinners. Well, the common humanity of the family comes to the weak one's rescue. There are more heinous sins than this one condoned by Nature.

The wife who marries a man and refuses to have a child is infinitely more criminal. She is sinning not only against the race but against Nature. Called by some other name she would not sound so sweet. And not so honest. The purpose of marriage, and it is put with brutal frankness in the marriage service, as many a bride has discovered, is the procreation of children; the union of man and woman is Nature's method of keeping the race alive; and it is a sneaking treachery both to the laws of mankind and the infinitely more important laws of Nature. The deliberately childless wife shirks her job because it might spoil her figure.

But Nature sees to that. She has in wait for the wife without a child all sorts of unpleasantness in the way of illnesses and operations. And the fact that a woman can get quite a comfort out of discuss-

ing the operations she has gone through does not quite compensate for those experiences. Though to listen to some of them, you would think it did.

THE SECOND BLOOMING

The average wife has her usual exciting girlish experiences before she enters the doldrums of matrimony. But once in that safe haven she relapses into double-bed dullness, varied by the arrival of babies. So through her married life her experiences are confined to the one man. She may have her little flirtations; but she shivers when the other man shows that he is in earnest. He usually is, being built that way.

But it is a generally admitted fact that to married women there comes in time a second blooming. She wakes up to the dullness of her husband and the aliveness of herself. Custom stales even the most tempestuous honeymoon; and Nature herself calms her passions. The pair grow accustomed to each other; their love is like their breakfast—something essential but hardly stimulating. There are no cocktails nor liqueurs at breakfast. Passion does not thrive on the bacon and eggs of the married breakfast. The passionate surprises of bacon and eggs are soon exhausted.

Then one day the wife wakes up. She makes the tremendous discovery that she is physically attractive to men, and that she has become stale to her

husband. She finds that other men are interested in her; and naturally she is thrilled.

She takes this new interest in herself as something new. She does not know that all women are sought after by the pirate male. She does not know that a married woman is especially pursued. For the married woman is, to some extent, an expert in love. She has served a long apprenticeship in the trade. Whereas the unmarried female is only an amateur. Besides, married women are easier.

Be it clearly understood that these are the beliefs of the pirate male, who is accustomed to flatter himself that all women are legitimately his prey. But—most emphatically—all women, or a majority of women, aren't. And those of the sex who get into trouble are those, and only those, who are either consciously or subconsciously looking for it.

Still, it is delightful for the wife who has reached her second blooming to find that she is desirable to others than her husband. She is thrilled and flattered. She blooms. This is no metaphorical term; the fact that a woman is sought stimulates her, freshens her, irradiates her, brings back her youth. A trivial flirtation will take years off a married woman's complexion. She has something to live for, somebody to please, somebody to admire her. She is no longer the matutinal daily bacon and eggs. She is a *crème de menthe*, to be deliciously sipped.

The period of the second blooming of married women varies. It all depends on the speed of her married life. It may happen within five years; it may eventuate after twelve years of married life and five children. For by that time she has done with children; she finds her greatest mainstay in surmounting the dullness of married life—her love for and care of the children—suddenly taken from her. The kiddies grow out of their early troubles; they shake themselves free from her devotion; she finds her vocation gone.

And she looks around, and finds the whole world packed with semi-detached men who, if she gives them the slightest encouragement, will make polite or impolite love to her. And she finds that there is nothing else for her to do, nothing else that will so perfectly fill in her spare time.

There is no second blooming for the married man. The male of the species blooms all the time. He is always ready to experiment in amorous adventures. There is, unfortunately, no close season for married men. They can be made love to on sight.

ONE LAW FOR BOTH

“One law for both sexes” is an admirable copy-book maxim. But it doesn’t work. At least it doesn’t work overtime.

And it is the sex which demands the same law for

both sexes that refuses to take this new commandment seriously. In her heart a woman doesn't believe in this law.

The plain fact is that the average wife looks with less concern on her husband's lapses than he would look on hers. She seems to accept the fact that he has been false to her almost as casually as she accepts his occasional drunkenness. Of course, it is a painful shock for an unsuspecting and loving wife when she finds that invariable compromising letter in her husband's pocket. Incidentally, why does the woman always write that letter, and why doesn't the husband immediately tear it up and burn the fragments? That is one of the conundrums of our civilization; and it is upon this conundrum that the imposing edifice of our divorce court is built.

Yes, it is a shock for wifey; but, after all, is it a greater shock than the first time hubby comes home intoxicated with something even stronger than marital affection? Husbands do drink; and wives do put up with them. Husbands do lust after the stranger woman, and wives weep awhile and—put up with the erring males. There is a scene, of course; and the wife weeps and the husband swears he will never do it again, and swears some other things; and the wife forgives him, and in her mind, finds a feminine excuse for him. What else can she do? she reflects dolefully. Men are like that. Especially married

men. Even her Alfred. She would be horribly upset if he had committed embezzlement or burglary; as it is, she has found him out and he has promised never to see the hussy again.

For every woman knows how easy men are. They exist solely to be the prey of the designing female. Men are fatally easy for women. They can no more resist a woman than they can resist a drink. And the average wife will reflect that if men weren't so fatally easy she wouldn't have got her husband at all. So, unwittingly, she instinctively finds excuses for him. The woman was a designing cat, and poor Alfred simply hadn't a chance against her.

So the "One Law for Both Sexes" hasn't a chance. The man obviously doesn't want that law; and the woman finds excuses for him if he transgresses it.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

It has been laid down as the first precept in the Book of the Much-Married, that strange compilation made by the Pink Lamas of Packapu in the seventh century, "that any Rounded Female may acquire any Male if she Knows the Way and is Prepared to Take the Consequences."

There are two foot-notes to this precept, evidently inscribed several centuries later by scribes unknown who apparently had tested the precept. The first foot-note runs: "This precept does not apply to Rounded

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Females under the age of eleven or over the age of eighty-three." The second foot-note may be translated thus: "The Male is forever Looking for Trouble, especially the Sort of Trouble that Doesn't Wear Trousers."

There must be quite a lot of esoteric wisdom hidden away in the hitherto untranslated works of the Pink Lamas of Packapu.

For the modern male has an instinct for trouble. And when he finds trouble giving him the glad eye, he surrenders. From time immemorable it has been his privilege and his job to make the advances necessary to attract the diffident, but not too diffident, female. He has to pursue her; and often he has to remain blind to the fact that she doesn't run her darnedest. Anyhow, how could she, in those skirts?

So when women butt into the game that belongs to the man, they have a tremendously unfair advantage over him.

All he needs is a hint to imagine the most delightful possibilities. And often a light-hearted woman will give a hint without meaning any possibilities. For the most important discovery yet recorded about woman is that she doesn't mean half what she looks, and doesn't mean anything she says.

A woman can't help putting a meaning into her eyes that isn't there. And to discover what she really means a man has to divide by two hundred and

thirty-five. For all her life a woman is excited by the presence of the mere man. She can no more help attracting him, or striving to attract him, than she can help lying to him. She is built to attract; and even in the presence of a blind man she will preen herself and practise that dimple on her left cheek. Her antennæ are always fluttering in the air, seeking unconsciously to send the wireless signals of her sex to the nearest receiving station. She is all sex, whereas man occasionally takes a few hours off for golf or billiards or even business. But woman is woman all the time, whereas man may be for the most of his working day an accountant or a wharf-lumper.

TRY THIS EXPERIMENT

Try this experiment. No matter what sort of woman you are—for in the thing that really matters, sex, all women are the same sort of woman—the next time you are in a tram give the discreetest glad eye to the most respectable man you see. Will he give you the haughty, touch-me-not stare of grim respectability? Will he, even when he is not with his wife, blush furiously and straighten his tie? Will he escape at the next stopping-place and hasten blubbering home to his wife?

No; he will instantly sit up and take notice. That is his job, taking notice. He will return your glance

and your greeting; and he will willingly pay another fare in order to get out of the tram when you do. Where women are concerned a man does not worry over the expense. They are worth it, every time, except when you are married to one of them.

A woman has only to make the slightest advance, and instantly and automatically a man will have mentally reached the stage when he has kissed her, and is wondering what the dear thing will do next.

But if this test is reversed, and a man tries it on even a woman of sixty, he will receive the icy stare of disdain. Women are habituated to this unceasing and promiscuous pursuit; and the woman of sixty is the most habituated of them all. The woman's job is to be pursued, and modern civilization has fortunately entangled her legs in skirts.

When women scab on their sex by making the advances that are a man's prerogative, they get all that is coming to them, and sometimes some more. But they should not flatter themselves that it is their personal attractiveness that does it. It is merely the fact that they happen to be females. That is why men are so fatally easy to women.

And the deceived wife, after she has got over her pang of jealousy and accepted the pearl necklace from her repentant husband—some wives make quite a good thing out of furs or pearl necklaces—will sadly admit this fact to herself. She will plead with him;

she will jealously watch him; she will always insist on a new set of furs; but in her heart she will make the allowances which every woman makes for the frailty of man, and especially the fragility of husbands.

MUSTN'T KISS HIM BACK

But a husband possesses a much fiercer sense of jealousy than does his wife. He is even annoyed when another male brute kisses her, when every wife knows that to be kissed by a handsome stranger is merely a delicious adventure and quite harmless—provided she does not return that kiss. In fact, many wives find at least a temporary relief from the delights of being muchly married by being carelessly or carefully kissed by comparative strangers.

For a woman has a strange lack of pride in herself. She is not jealous of her good name—at least, not enough to worry her.

But when she returns those extra-territorial kisses, she may feel some slight compunction. She may even draw the line, as a respectable wife, at kissing him back. She is there to be attractive, and being attractive she is there to be kissed. That is the mere logic of things. What is the use of being adorable to men unless she is adored? And how can she help other men kissing her when she knows how kissable she really is? Besides, even if she struggled,

how could she prevent some deliciously rude man embracing her?

Of course, the world is full of nice or rude men who never get the chance to kiss her. And while we are on this serious subject it is as well to mention that to a wife in her second blooming or, indeed, to any girl, the only nice men are the men who are rude. As the Maori chief at Pipiriki remarked in his oration over the dead body of his slain foe, or, at least, over the thigh-bone of that foe which at the moment he was gnawing, no bridegroom will ever get much satisfaction out of his honeymoon unless he is quite rude to the bride. There is a time for all things, even politeness and altruism and the high and chilly altitudes of platonic affection; but that time is not the honeymoon. Nor would the bride herself be altogether happy unless her new husband was quite rude to her. (It must be understood that as the Maori chief spoke in his own language this translation of his remarks and this enunciation of his tribal philosophy is rather freely rendered into English. But, anyhow, that is what he meant. And as he had seven wives, he knew.)

But to return a kiss is a thing that would possibly rather worry a faithful wife. It might even seem a sort of trivial treachery to her unsuspecting husband. It would imply that she liked those piratical kisses. It would be crossing the borderline between faithful-

ness and unfaithfulness. But it must be admitted that there are kisses that seem to begin and end nowhere; they are indeterminate, and it would be hard at the end of them for the woman to decide how much she had been kissed and how much she had contributed herself to the final result. Many a woman has worried herself frightfully over the analysis of such kisses. The only thing for her to do, if she is to preserve her sanity, is to work out the experiment again, either with the same man or with another.

Now, it is a curious fact that a husband will be much more annoyed at these kisses than his wife. He regards his wife as his property, whereas she regards herself as her own property—at least to the extent of being casually kissed.

The second blooming of wives may come about naturally, or may be brought into sudden fruition by a course of grass-widowing. A grass widow is a wife who has been allowed to go to grass. It happens in all marriages that the husband has to go away. He always has his business as an excuse. He leaves her behind and makes her swear she will be true to him and treasure his memory in her heart till he returns. She usually does, but she does not object to some other male person temporarily treasuring her heart in his.

DON'T LEAVE A LOVING WIFE

A loving wife left to herself is a frail thing. However much she is in love with her husband she cannot kiss him except by absurd crosses in her letters. And those who have received those criss-cross kisses know how unsatisfactory they really are.

It is infinitely safer to leave an indifferent wife than a loving wife behind. An indifferent wife, whose only kisses are breakfast kisses, has got out of the way of being embraced. So when she is left alone her only feeling is one of relief that for the next two months she won't have to kiss him between the bacon and eggs and the coffee. She settles down to a long delicious laze from being icily embraced. She needn't bother, for this long holiday, to be nice to her husband. She gladly lets herself flop. She doesn't want any excitement; she has long ago got out of the way of feeling or wanting any. And the idea of poor old Charles being exciting is absurd. And the fact that her absent husband is probably having a good extra-marital time doesn't bother her. At any rate, he is giving her a rest.

But with an affectionate and loving wife the case is deplorably different.

Her way is made infinitely more difficult by the fact that every male instinctively knows a grass widow at sight. There is something intangible and

imperceptible, but certainly grassy, about a wife who has gone to grass. She looks so wistful; she looks so pathetically loving, that all the world loves a grass widow.

Accustomed to an occasional caress, she feels the lack of even her husband's caresses keenly. She writes him long, loving and lonely letters, and doesn't sleep well. She loses weight and interest in her nighties. What is the good of pink ribbons if there is not even a husband to notice them? And she yearns for her husband as she had never thought she would or could yearn for any man. She grows desperate, and envies every real widow she sees. They can dance on the departed's graves, but she is denied even a tombstone.

Suddenly, when the strain on her love is at breaking point, she wakes up to the fact that the male inhabitants of the world are many, and that they comprise other persons than her one husband. She notes that the men on the street look at her, and look after her, and look for her. And she looks back, and isn't turned into a pillar of salt after all. That evening she looks into her mirror and discovers another woman looking back into her eyes. Quite a desirable woman, with alert eyes on the look-out for adventure.

Men are supposed to be utterly loyal to each other about women. A man when he sees his friend dining

in that rather naughty café with the wife of another of his friends, never gives the wife-snatcher away. It wouldn't be fair to him. It isn't fair to his other friend, either; but then that's the husband's lookout.

But women, supposed to have a much looser sense of loyalty to each other, are really a masonic society when their special interests are affected. No matter how sincere a friend a girl may be of herself she will never let him know that his wife is tasting the gay life with another man. That is the sex's privilege, to be sly, to deceive. The woman who sees an affair with the wife and the strange man, is instinctively on her guard to protect and shield the erring wife. The whole body of women is banded together in a conspiracy to deceive the male. That is their game, and that is the only time when their loyalty to each other can be depended upon.

HOW TO KEEP A WIFE YOUNG

The woman who looks for adventure will find it—and its consequences. Her loneliness and her love for her husband become unbearable. Somebody in trousers happens along, with money in the trousers pockets. Her husband's love has created a demand in her; and if he is not there to supply it, somebody else can and does.

So off she goes for her first little flutter—an after-

noon tea, a dinner, a supper, and at the end of each a kiss. Hitherto she has only experienced her husband's kiss; she has forgotten what the kisses of her girlhood were like. And the strange man is different, even in his kisses.

She is excited, thrilled. Her appetite is whetted. She meets the wrong man, of course; for the decent man usually knows her husband or is in love with his own wife. But there are always waifs and strays from married life roaming the world for the unattached or temporarily mislaid female. Of course, the new man doesn't come up to her husband. He is merely a temporary substitute. She tells herself, when she happens to think of her husband, that she could never put this comparative stranger in his place. But mostly she forgets her husband: she is too busy.

Then she meets another male matrimonial derelict. He is just as exciting in another way. By this time she has acquired the habit; and everybody tells her how youthful she is looking. That is Nature's doing. For Nature is shockingly unmoral; and a woman with a succession of affairs remains astonishingly young.

If a husband desires to keep his wife young all he has to do is to introduce her to a succession of male friends who will flirt with her. Or, rather, if his wife is in her second blooming, all he need do is to

introduce her to a succession of men—she will do the rest.

Yes, but mightn't one of those affairs turn serious? Mightn't she fall desperately in love with the other man? Or mightn't the other man want her altogether?

That is one of the drawbacks to this post-graduate course of love. If the wife falls in love with the other man she is bound to suffer. It is very rare to find another man who is sufficiently disentangled from matrimonial affairs of his own to elope with her. So she worries and turns with relief to the solid, satisfying, but hardly stimulating arms of her unsuspecting husband—lemonade after sparkling burgundy. And she determines that never again will she allow herself to become serious, even over her husband.

The other case is easy. If the man becomes dangerously in love with her, it merely adds to the excitement.

And if both fall flop into passion there is always the outlet of the Divorce Court. In a world so full of uncertainty, it is always comforting for a wife or a husband to fall back upon such a sustaining thought.

The loving wife, who by her husband's absence has been driven to accept a temporary substitute, has always the relief of remembering that once her

husband returns, she will relapse into the humdrumness of married life. But, after all, a husband is only a husband, and his mere presence hardly makes much difference to a wife who is in the first flush of her delirious second-blooming, and finding all the flowers in the garden lovely. She will often forget all about her husband. With such wonderful flowers to cull, why worry about the lawn-mower?

THE SECOND FADING

There is often another solution to the second blossoming of wives. The husband may decide to do a little blossoming of his own; and each may explore a different garden, content to allow the other to wander away as long as the other is indifferent to his or her adventures. Then the marriage remains simply because of the children or the expense of a dissolution. So many a beautiful marriage runs out into the arid sands of mutual indifference. That is not a second blooming; it is a second fading, the saddest end to all romance.

It must be admitted that this modern world is conducive to the divagations of life partners. For the jazz and the picture-show and the cocktail have come into woman's life. She is tempted by discontent; she is affected by the lure of change; she yearns to experiment. She is particularly susceptible to these temptations because of the inherent dullness of

her married life. In the middle of her morning's housework she can't drop along to the nearest hotel and revive interest in herself by means of a Manhattan. She cannot exchange views with her female friends at the bar or the club upon the new silhouette or the smartest depth of the low-water mark of evening dresses on her back. She cannot even take a half-hour stroll down the streets, for that would mean going to the trouble of taking off most of one dress and putting on another. Her day is a dull one; why shouldn't she try a little excitement?

When a man comes home at night all he wants is to stay at home. He has had such a busy and varied day that he wants to get into his slippers and that easy chair and stay there. But woman is mostly at home—at home to dullness. She wants to spend her evening anywhere except in an easy chair before the fire. A home from home is all she requires, preferably a home from her husband. Her ideal is a life of plain drinking and high jazzing.

All the world awaits her—once she puts her hat on or undresses herself in the modern evening gown. She wants more excitement than is to be found in the average husband, unless he isn't her own husband. The world of glitter and gaiety calls her, more and more insistently as the world goes round and round more giddily. Why shouldn't she enjoy life while she is yet blooming? She suffers more and more

from unindustrial unrest. She is undeterred by the high cost of living. So she puts on her hat. . . . And hubby dozes in his easy chair. . . .

But even a woman's second blooming comes to its close. There is no third blooming for the poor dear. It is generally recognized that the second blooming of women definitely comes to its final winter when a woman reaches the age of eighty-three. Unless, of course, she is cut off by cruel death at a pitiably earlier age.

CHAPTER VIII

WOMAN: HER RELIGION

WOMEN may profess different faiths, but the whole mob of them possess the one religion. Woman's temples of devout worship are the shops and stores; the altar at which she continually worships is the shop-window; and the god of her faith is the personage who sets the fashions. Nobody really knows who this god is; which makes that god all the more easy to worship and obey; and there is no woman rebellious enough to think for one moment of flouting his commandments.

To every woman shopping is a sacred ideal; the trying on of a new dress is a religious ceremony, the choosing of a new hat a solemn rite.

A woman may be casual about her husband or other women's husbands, but she has the instinct of reverence implanted too deeply in her soul for her to treat shopping lightly.

WHEN A MAN GOES SHOPPING

When a man goes shopping he goes to buy something and gets it. If he wants a suit of pyjamas he goes to the haberdashery that dashes off pyjamas,

mentions his taste in stripes and his pecuniary resources, and buys the thing. His one idea is to get to a shop, get his sleeping suit, and get out.

If he went shopping as a woman does he would first spend an afternoon looking into shop windows to discover the latest style in model pyjamas, comparing prices, and noting the correct flair and the latest pyjama silhouette. He would scrupulously scan the fashion advertisements in the morning papers and tabulate the shops that were having sales.

Then he would ring up a business friend, and inform him that he had just discovered that he hadn't a thing to wear and that he was seriously thinking of trying on one of those new pyjama shapes, with the flat back effect and the straight-fronted contour.

"Lovely" his business friend would gurgle through the telephone. "I've been wondering whether they would suit me. I'm very busy to-day with my mail; but I can easily slip out for a couple of hours this morning and come along with you, dear."

And the man would sweetly respond: "That's so sweet of you, darling. Do come. You know how I admire your taste, and when I'm trying on things I never can make up my mind whether they suit me or make me look a fright."

And they would meet in town, and, in order to get up strength for the ordeal, they would first have morning tea. Then they would go from one shop to

another, and the man would try on innumerable pyjamas. This one was perfectly sweet, but too full in the chest; the next, with the turned-up trousers, was certainly fetching, but then, he was sure he had seen a model just like it at that other shop and ninepence-halfpenny cheaper; the next, he was sure, would make him look fat, even though it was marked "Paris"; and the next—well, he had seen Mr. Glumly, who as, they both knew, wasn't at all a smart dresser, wearing the exact shape and stripe.

Then they discover that the whole morning has gone, and they both go happily back to business, having picked up a remnant of lace insertion, absurdly cheap, my dear; and three-quarters of a yard of ribbon that they might find a use for some day—anyhow, the colour is perfectly sweet; and some trouser buttons, because they happened to be temptingly displayed on the counter, and you never know about trouser buttons; and a free fashion book apiece, which, after all, might have something helpful to say about pyjamas.

For women actually enjoy shopping. They can stand about for hours, perfectly happy, in shops. They will willingly journey all over the city just to match a ribbon, or to run to earth a bargain. Or they will excitedly wander forth for a whole delightful afternoon without any thought but the deep delight of gazing into shop-windows.

A girl will saunter from one shop window to another, compare the prices of corsets, imagine how she would look in that seventy guinea model, and settle to her supreme satisfaction how she would look in that pink hat. Ten minutes in the shop will tire a healthy man more than a round of golf or holding the baby; but woman will linger in shops all day and come away rejuvenated by the things she has tried on or has imagined herself in.

This deep devotion to dress sustains a woman as any other religion seldom does. It is a life-long religion, too. The female child of two is as happy in her party frock as the grandmother is in her new black hat.

Never say that woman is not religious!

Yet there must be mentioned a sharp division between the way a man and a woman shops. When a man goes into a shop for a hat, he mentions its size—there are no sizes for women's hats, though there is only one size for her shoes: every woman takes size two in shoes. Then he puts it on his head and wonders.

"That suits you perfectly," says the attendant. "Everybody is wearing that shape now, sir."

The man doesn't wonder any more. If everybody is wearing that hat that is the hat he wants.

When a woman tries on her hat and wonders, the girl instantly remarks, "It suits you perfectly,

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madam. And I can assure you that you won't find another hat like it in all the city."

The woman buys it, happily. The one thing she fears is that somebody else has got a hat like it. Her terrible fear is always that some day she may meet its twin brother worn by her best friend.

Of course, if a man is married, he daren't buy a hat to suit himself. He buys his hat to suit his wife.

CHAPTER IX

WOMAN: HER JOB

WOMAN'S job, of course, is to grab a man and give him continual children. That is how Nature has fixed it! but then we needn't worry too much over Nature. She doesn't worry very much over us.

But though woman's job occupies much of her time, it is only piece-work. As soon as she is a woman she is ready to bear babies; but usually she has to wait for the man to come into her life. So there is a hiatus between the girl and the job Nature intends for her. The other hiatus, which occurs when the wife's children have grown independent of her, may of course be filled by darning socks and patching Billy's trousers, but most modern wives find a more exciting way, in diverse flirtations, to keep up an interest in life.

It is of woman's first, and not her second, blooming that we have here to speak. The modern girl can quite easily fill up the first hiatus in her life by flirtations, which are merely an apprenticeship in the managing of a husband. She may get through the waiting period by making of it one long holiday

of girlish gaieties; but if she is wise she will take a job. Many a girl who seems thoroughly happy in going to afternoon teas and dances and playing tennis and golf, and buying new dresses and new experiences with men, will confess that she is often "fed-up" with the whole empty show.

That is why so many of them marry us. They find that they are "getting on"; and in a blind hurry they hook the first male fish that nibbles at their lines. Anything to get in out of the wet. Anything to get away from the paternal home.

Well, we are duly thankful.

GIRLS, GET WORK!

But the wise virgin gets work. And work is waiting for her everywhere. The business girl has a life ten times as interesting as her society sister. The business girl meets men as they are, not as they pretend to be. The boss is a man who expects hard work from the business girl. She, though feminine, is merely his employee. She has to learn a thousand things foreign to her nature and her sex. She has to be punctual; she has to be tidy; she has to be efficient.

She has to learn habits of discipline; she has to learn not to talk back and not to sulk, and, above all, not to attempt to use her sex to gain her ends. She has to recognize the hard fact that she is of less

value to her employer than a male clerk; she has to learn, at least in business-hours, to reach the status of a man.

Ah, but you will say, what about the employer who falls in love with his pretty typist? You have met her so often in the novels you read and in the picture theatres you frequent. And what about the girl whom the boss weds, and thereafter can drift casually into his office and display her hats and her gowns before her envious mates?

Such things have happened, and doubtless will happen again, in real life. But most bosses are married; and when you see his wife you do not wonder why he sticks so hard at his business. And when the married boss makes love to you—you know that scene off by heart—it is in every second cinematograph show—you are risking your job whether you respond or retreat. The boss is not going to keep hanging around a girl he can't get; and if he gets you he soon tires.

THE MAN AND THE GIRL

The mistake a foolish girl is apt to make is to imagine that because a man causes her to sin he is in love with her: To the average girl this act is merely the first act of a life drama. To the average man, it is usually the last act of an interlude. But the act seems to the infatuated girl the triumphant proof

of his undying love. He has other fish to fry—and there are both other fish and other frying-pans in the world. The woman who after giving herself to a man thinks that he is in love with her makes as big a mistake as when she submitted. Men are not built that way. And, unfortunately for women, women are built another way. To the man it is the perfect end of a perfect day; but the woman wakes up to the horrible beginning of a perfectly beastly morning.

A man ruins a woman for various reasons. Because he thinks she wouldn't mind being ruined; because he wants her; because he can't help it; because he is tired of his wife; because his wife is tired of him; because he wants some excitement; because he wants to give his wife an excuse to divorce him. . . . But seldom because he means to marry her and remain faithful to her all the days—and all the nights—of his life. Marriages are not made that way.

Yet there is this comfort for the girl who has been taken advantage of: she can marry someone else. And usually she does. And her husband never suspects or knows, and forgives her, as she forgives his own past. The idea, so dearly loved by the moralist of the past generation, that once a girl makes a mistake she is ruined, is not borne out by the facts. There is hope for her in this give-and-take and easy-going old world of ours.

MEETING THE REAL MAN

In her business life a girl learns valuable lessons. She is treated as a human being, not as a member of a privileged sex. Her sex really doesn't count, in office hours. She listens to men speaking their real thoughts, not paying her compliments. She hears men swear and lose their temper; she is hauled over the coals just as roughly as if her skin was not tenderer than man's. She has to listen without talking back—the severest trial for any woman. She has to do as she is told, and sometimes curtly told. She has to pay for her mistakes. She is held responsible for her acts, as a human being, not as an irresponsible woman.

And she is happy. She looks back to the unending and haphazard work of the home with a feeling of relief. She is out of all that; her woman's work ends when the office or the factory closes for the day; she hasn't to wash up after it. She has the priceless freedom of her off hours.

All this is not the best training for the future wife; but though it is customary to groan over the ineptitude and lack of knowledge of housekeeping in the girl that marries from an office, she has learned habits of punctuality, neatness, honour, and regularity that will make her the better wife than the girl

trained merely to tidy up, make scones and beds, and clean out the sink. She is better fitted to run a home than the girl who has never left a home until she married. She can learn more easily what she lacks, and she can usually keep accounts.

But her chief asset is a knowledge of what men really are. She will see her husband as a fellow mortal, not as a member of a superior race. She will not be shocked at his manners or habits; she is initiated into the freemasonry of business life. She will make allowances; her mind, habituated to contact with mere men, will understand her husband's.

She will have lost the bloom of her cheeks, perhaps; but her corners have been rounded off. She will be much easier to get along with—and the bloom can easily be replaced by face-powder.

CHAPTER X

WOMAN: HERSELF

SO there she waits—Woman, Herself. What is she? Angel? Animal? Comrade? Devil? Hen? Sphinx? Fool? Friend? Vampire? Cat? Comforter? Lover? Wife? Mistress? Mother?

Is she our delight or our damnation—or both? Is she lust or love? Is she beauty or boredom?

Let us say, a little of each, cunningly mixed and spiced for the eager and diverse palate of malekind. After all, no woman yearns to be called an angel. And where is the woman who does not shudder with delight when she is told that she is a little devil?

She is not perfect—else none of us would have ever dared to marry her—knowing too well our own imperfections. It is the fine flaws in her that endear her to us; it is her weakness that makes her to us indispensable.

She is not above us nor below. She does not dwell on perilous heights of idealism. She wants not to be worshipped by a poem: she needs strong arms about her. We need not go down on our knees to adore her—she prefers to sit on them. She is no

sphinx; she refuses to occupy a shrine. And she does not know herself, though we know her.

She is really transparently simple. She remains the primitive female, while men through the long centuries grow more and more complex. She is infinitely more simple than man. She reacts to all stimuli instantly, automatically, expanding and contracting her soul as unknowingly as the pupil of the eye expands or contracts in darkness or in light. She does not argue about anything; she does it. She is the key in the gamut of life that when struck gives out, sonorously, the note of her sincerity and herself. Her actions are reflex actions.

And out of that sane simplicity we men, with our muddled and complex minds, made a mighty mystery. She remains incomprehensible to us because we cannot comprehend simplicity. That, indeed, is the explanation of Woman, the inexplicable. She is merely herself, without complexities.

There is no need to make excuses for her. She is indispensable to the world. Not merely to carry on the race, but to give the race the desire to carry on. Supposing our chemists of the future discovered how to replenish the earth by synthetic processes that produced only male babies, would anybody think the process worth while? Even Jehovah discovered His initial mistake in Eden, and hastened to remedy it!

Woman is Eve, the intruder in the garden of life,

the troubler of the earth. She is here to delight us, to deceive us, to dally with us, to destroy us. She is the divine irresponsibility, the stimulus and the lure.

Men can tell her, brutally, the whole truth about her, and forget the only thing that matters, herself. And she merely smiles, as Monna Vanna smiles through the centuries, a secret smile, a smile meant for every man, though each of us interprets it differently; true, she cannot understand that smile herself, but what does that matter as long as she keeps on smiling?

Woman is a dangerous thing to let loose in the world; but then man was not to blame. We chain her up, in kitchens and in convents; we tie her to a cradle and confine her in a wedding-ring. But she breaks loose and smashes things. And we love her for it all. She mates with the tamed but growling tiger in our blood; and we rejoice.

She is the spur, the insistent urge of life, the knout, the rack. She tortures us to new endeavour and tempts us from the dusty highway of life. She runs wild through our dull and ordered world, and her hair gets into our homely soup. But, as we have said before, it is a golden hair. She jabs a hat-pin into our soulless machinery of life; and something happens. She is the Eternal Unexpected, the king in Bergson's new universe.

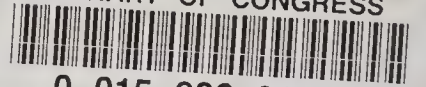
And so we are linked together throughout this toilsome life with a short-legged creature that cannot even keep step with our longer and more decisive stride; she tempts us from the straight road—and we find strange, wonderful blossoms in the desert; she initiates us into simplicity and joy, and we are gratefully, eternally grateful.

So, at the end of our analysis of this soft and complicated and yet simple being, we find that her soul and her meaning escapes us—as it escapes herself; and thankfully and reverently and passionately we write her little epitaph:

“You little devil!”

Dec. 7, 1921

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